

From the Examiner.

*Corneille and his Times*, by M. GUIZOT. Bentley.

WE opened this volume with high respect and reverence for its writer's illustrious name. M. Guizot's genius, mainly directed to subjects of import to a world, has yet always found time for the highest pursuits of literature. The book is a republication, carefully corrected and revised, and enriched with new and most interesting introductory matter. But substantially it is the same piece of literary history which its author first published forty years ago; and while we agree with M. Guizot, that "a book must exist and last out its time as it is," we can scarcely help regretting that his work of 1813 had not had a companion disclosing the views he has since taken of the scenes which passed before his early vision. Accepting it as "a faithful image of the spirit which prevailed, forty years ago, in literature, among the men who cultivated it, and the public who loved it," we yet feel, as we read, that something more full and satisfactory might have been given had the distinguished author afforded us the benefit of his more mature reflections on that part of his subject which treats of early French poetry.

At a moment like the present such a passage as the following, which we find in M. Guizot's admirable preface, is full of interest:

During the early days of my youth, and before its termination, I beheld civilized Europe exposed to two opposite deluges of invasion and conquest, the like of which had never been witnessed since the fall of the Roman Empire. During the space of ten years, I beheld the empire of Napoleon—the most dazzling, the most overwhelming, and the most ephemeral meteor that ever crossed the horizon of the world—arise, grow, extend itself, and vanish away.

Equally interesting is the view taken by M. Guizot of the effect of Napoleon's reign on literature, in connection with which we have only to hope that the wonderful "intellectual vitality," of which he speaks, will again enable France to shake off the burthen it has again been called to endure.

The author's remarks, apropos of the power wielded by the *Journal des Débats*, on the characteristics of the seventeenth century, are worthy of consideration by all literary men who possess the "clear spirit" which alone looks to real greatness.

Literature was then cultivated for its own sake, not as an instrument for the propagation of certain systems, and for ensuring the success of particular designs. Corneille, Racine, and Boileau, and even Molière, and La Fontaine, entertained, upon the great philosophical and political questions of the day, either very decided opinions, or very marked tendencies; Pascal and La Bruyère, Bossuet and Fénelon, made more of philosophy and polemics than any other writers at any other period have been able to do. But, in their literary activity, these great men had no other preoccupation than the beautiful and the true, and were anxious to paint them well and skillfully only that they might gain for them greater admiration. They felt, for the object of their labors, a love which

was pure from every other thought, and which was as serious as it was pure; for, whilst they did not assume to rule society by their writings, they aspired to something far above the mere amusement of mankind. A frivolous and worldly entertainment was as far from their intentions as a haughty or indirect propagandism. At once modest and proud, they demanded of literature, for the public as well as for themselves, none but intellectual enjoyments; but they introduced and infused into these enjoyments a profound and almost solemn feeling, believing themselves called upon to elevate the souls of men by charming them with the exhibition of the beautiful, and not merely to arouse them for a moment from their idleness or ennui.

Nothing can be more characteristic than the estimate subsequently taken of the genius of Chateaubriand, and the causes of his popularity with all classes, the chief being that he was "in harmony with his age." Madame de Stael, too, passionate and sincere, is thoroughly understood by her admiring critic, who looks upon her as the "noble echo of the generous sentiment and noble aspirations of the eighteenth, as Chateaubriand was of the intellectual perplexities of the nineteenth century." The *Journal des Débats* is ranked by M. Guizot as the third of those powers which under the empire—though in opposition—acted on French literature, and left their impress on its history.

Significant are the author's *pauses*, reflecting on the past and present state of things in the country which in Napoleon's time banished Madame de Stael, and but lately has shut the book of study throughout the land.

The Emperor Napoleon, who had saved France from anarchy, and was covering her with glory in Europe, was nevertheless regarded, by clear-sighted and sensible men, merely as the sovereign master of a temporary government, in little harmony with the general tendencies of society, and commanded by necessity rather than established in faith. He was served, and with good reason, by men of eminent minds and noble characters, for his government was necessary and great; but beyond his government, in the regions of thought, great minds and lofty characters possessed neither independence nor dignity. Napoleon was not wise enough to leave them their part in space; and he feared without respecting them. Perhaps he could not possibly have acted otherwise; and perhaps this may have been a vice of his position, as much as an error of his genius. Nowhere, in no degree, and under no form, did the empire tolerate opposition. In France, in the age in which we live, this becomes, sooner or later, even for the strongest governments, a deceitful snare and an immense danger. After fifteen years of glorious absolute power, Napoleon fell; the proprietors of the *Journal des Débats* regained possession of their property; M. de Chateaubriand celebrated the return of the Bourbons; and Madame de Stael beheld the great desires of 1789 consecrated by the Charter of Louis XVIII. And now, after thirty-four years of that system for which our fathers longed so ardently! . . . God gives us severe lessons, which we must comprehend and accept, without despairing of the good cause. After having witnessed these prodigious vicissitudes of human affairs, we are equally cured of presumption and of discouragement.

But we are lingering too long on the threshold of the work, and must hasten to the subject itself. We do not perceive anything either very new or very striking in the view taken by M. Guizot of the earliest poets of his country. At the time when he wrote down the result of his reading, it might have carried more weight; but the works of the Troubadours and Trouvères have since been rendered so familiar to all admirers of this class of poetry, that the anecdotes introduced are, at the present moment, ineffective from being too well known. We disagree with him besides in his estimation of our old and favorite friends, and think he has not chosen the best of their kind as illustrations of what lovers were in the olden time. Instead, for instance, of the silly, more than half-crazy Pierre Vidal, who, dressed in a wolf's-skin, fancied himself a *loup garou*, and allowed himself to be hunted by dogs for the sake of the name (*Louve*) of his imaginary mistress, he might have chosen the really feeling and beautiful verses of the unfortunate William de Cabestaign; and in place of Rudel, who died in so romantic a style for a lady he had never seen, he might have quoted the true love of Hugh de Lusignan for Isabelle d'Angoulême, afterwards his wife, but previously violently torn from him by John of England and married to another. In his charming songs there is to be found that real tenderness which M. Guizot denies—justly, in some instances—to the crowd of adorers whose sighs were heard in the precincts of those Courts of Love presided over by *Précieuses*.

As is usual with all French critics, or rather *was* usual at the time when this work was first written, M. Guizot passes over the period between Jean de Meun and Clement Marot without pausing on the fame of some of the greatest poetic spirits that France has known. It is a very singular fact that neither Alain Chartier nor Charles of Orleans, two of the most earnest, melodious, and feeling of the French poets, and more various in their style than any of the writers who preceded them, have seldom been mentioned until of late years, when the researches of learned men have given to the world editions of their works which have established their title to admiration. Even the antique French in which their thoughts are clothed is scarcely so crabbed as that of later writers, just as Chaucer is easier to read than many authors who lived a century after him. Why forget that Alain Chartier's eloquent addresses to his countrymen were powerful enough to excite them to rise and shake off the fetters in which the English had bound them? Charles the Seventh, and his nobles, and the people too, perhaps, owed as much to Chartier's reproachful lamentations as to Joan of Arc herself. We would not disparage the simple name of Marot, or say a word against the too learned Ronsard, when their turn comes; but why should the ill-fated but illustrious prisoner of Agincourt, "Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king," be nameless when poets are to be named? The period of Marot was one of classic pedantry, but there had been poets before him whom he would have done better to take as models rather than "les Grecs et les Romains," who are so troublesome in his lays. In truth, we feel towards the classic age much as Chaplain did to the erudite and terrible *Mlle. de Gournay*, "*Sirène Française*" though she was!

*Mlle. de Gournay*, the adopted daughter of Mon-

taigne, plays a part in most of the literary anecdotes of the first twenty years of the seventeenth century. We find her, in Saint-Evremond's comedy of the "*Academicians*," disputing against Bois-Robert and Serisay, in favor of some old words for which it appears that she felt great affection. In 1632, Chaplain wrote to Godeau, afterwards Bishop of Venice: "Luckily, we did not find the *Demoiselle de Montaign* at home, at the visit which M. Conrart and I paid her eight days ago. I pray God that this may always be the case when we call upon her; and that, without being as insolent as Saint-Amand, we may at least be as well rid of her as he is."

If our space permitted we should have given some extracts from the expressed opinions on the merits of Malherbe, who tried to "*degasconize* the court;" but for these, as well as for much more that is attractive in M. Guizot's work, we must refer our readers to the volume itself.

Although our further remarks must necessarily be brief, it would be omitting the part of Hamlet from the play if we passed over M. Guizot's remarks on his hero, the great Corneille, of whom he says:—

His name alone moves us by powerful recollections; and a sort of passion surrounds him with a veil of respect and love which reason itself feels great repugnance to pierce. This passion long warred in his favor against the glory of Racine; it seemed as though men feared to divert their minds from that kind of impressions with which Corneille had filled their souls; and the long injustice of his partisans, who felt wounded because a new enjoyment had ventured to disturb "those old admirations" in which they loved to indulge, has proved that admiration is one of those feelings which men consent least willingly to abandon even in the smallest degree.

M. Guizot proceeds to observe that more conflicts of passion, and a little more weakness, would have rendered Corneille's heroes more constantly true and dramatic, and he adds:—

Even their virtue, which may often be regarded as the principal personage in the piece, would have interested us more, if, though equally able to conquer, it had been attacked by more potent foes, and had visibly incurred greater dangers. All the vigor of his noble genius was requisite to discover a sufficient source of interest in those singular characters which he alone could create and sustain; he alone has succeeded in awakening our uncertainty and curiosity by their very inflexibility, which, as it is announced at the outset, does not permit them to yield to the slightest weakness, and multiplies successively around them embarrassments which ceaselessly necessitate greater and more extraordinary efforts. If we were less convinced of *Emilie's* firmness, we should feel less alarmed on her account, at the resolution of *Cinna* to die if she will not permit him to break up the conspiracy. In such a struggle, an ordinary character should succumb, and it only remains to be seen whether it will sacrifice its love or its vengeance; but we well know that *Emilie* will renounce neither the one nor the other. What course then, will she pursue? She hesitates; not as to her choice, but as to her means; what shall it be? What but this:—

\* \* \* Qu'il achève et dégage sa foi,  
Et qu'il choisisse après de la mort ou de moi.

In order to attain to this invincible power, which will make all around it bend to its influence, a man must absolutely have separated himself from all that otherwise enters into the composition of human nature; he must have completely ceased to think of all that, in real life, occurs to alter the forms of that

ideal grandeur of which the imagination can conceive no possibility except when, isolating it, so to speak, from all the other affections, it forgets that which renders its realization so difficult and so infrequent. The imagination of Corneille had no difficulty in lending itself to this isolation; the loftiness of his inventions was sustained by his inexperience in the common affairs of life; as he introduced into his own ordinary actions none of those ideas which he employed in the creation of his heroes, so in conception of his heroes he introduced none of the ideas of which he made use in ordinary life. He did not place Corneille himself in their position; the observation of nature did not occupy his attention; a happy inspiration frequently led him to divine it; but his unassisted imagination, gathering together outlines of a far more simple character, composed for him a sort of abstract model of a single quality, a being without parts, if I may be allowed the expression, capable of being set in motion by a single impulse, and of proceeding in a single direction.

M. Guizot points it out, as a peculiarity in Corneille's poetical temperament, that he could never describe a mixed feeling composed of two opposite feelings, without leaning too much sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. His maxims vary in the same way, though they are always expressed with the most absolute confidence:—

The fact is, that whether Corneille be contemplating the republican or the subject of a king—the hero or the politician—he abandons himself without reserve to the system, the position, or the character which he is describing, and carefully avoids all reference to general ideas that might come in to conflict with the particular ideas which he is desirous of bringing upon the stage, and which vary according to the personages of the drama. This unreserved adoption of a special principle, changing with the circumstances of the piece, gained Corneille credit for great skill in representing the local color and genius of different peoples and states; whilst this merit was denied to Racine, whose descriptions, being of a more general nature, seem too familiar to our eyes, to belong, by any possibility, to other times than our own. Racine's heroes were recognized at once, and claimed as Frenchmen; but the singular physiognomy of Corneille's heroes enabled them to pass easily for Greeks or Romans. "Being once," says Segrais, "near Corneille, on the stage, at a performance of 'Bajazet,' he said to me: 'I should not venture to say so to others than yourself, because it would be said that I spoke from jealousy; but observe, there is not a single personage in 'Bajazet' who is animated by the feelings which ought to animate him, and which really are entertained at Constantinople; all of them, beneath their Turkish dress, are actuated by the feelings prevalent in the midst of France.' And he was right," adds Segrais; "in Corneille's dramas the Roman speaks like a Roman, the Greek like a Greek, the Indian like an Indian, and the Spaniard like a Spaniard."

We would gladly quote more of M. Guizot's valuable criticism, showing the decline of Corneille's popularity during his lifetime, but with the following extract we must conclude:—

Corneille was now nearly seventy years of age. Looking backwards, he could say with just pride, "I have finished my course; my destiny as a superior man is accomplished; whatever I was capable of doing I have done; the rank that I was worthy to obtain, I have obtained; nothing more remains for me to desire." But few men can thus lay down for themselves the limit of their existence—and contemplate themselves only in the past which has so fully belonged to them, and acknowledge the justness of

that dispensation of Providence which allots to each of us the time that each is to enjoy. Corneille, who had so long been in possession of undisputed superiority, could not tranquilly behold the rising glory of his successors. He regarded both Molière and Racine with dissatisfaction. "Sometimes," says Fontenelle, "he placed too little confidence in his own rare merit, and believed too easily that it was possible for him to have rivals." Nevertheless, swayed more by timidity than envy, he regretted the triumphs of a rival less than he feared that his own triumphs would be forgotten; and, on being told, in 1676, that three of his plays had been performed at court, he exclaimed—

Est-il vrai, grand monarque, et puis-je me vanter  
Que tu prennes plaisir à me ressusciter ?  
Qu'au bout de quarante ans, Cinna, Pompée, Horace,  
Reviennent à la mode, et reprennent leur place ?

Corneille now began to think he might die, and felt exceedingly anxious for a little popularity; the grief of his failures seemed almost to have extinguished in him the remembrance of his successes.

Corneille's jealousy was like that of a child who requires a smile for himself whenever any caresses are bestowed upon his brother. This weakness led him to see cause for disquietude in every event, and to regard the slightest circumstance as an object of dread. "He was melancholy," says Fontenelle, "and he required more solid subjects for hope or rejoicing, than for grief or fear. His incapacity for business was equalled only by his aversion to it; and the most trivial affairs caused him alarm and terror."

At home, "his humor was hasty, and apparently rough sometimes; but, on the whole, he was very easy-tempered, a good father, a good husband, a good relative—tender, and full of friendship." In society, he was by turns haughty and humble, proud of his genius, but incapable of deriving any authority from it. At the close of his life, this weakness of character was greatly increased by the successive decay of his bodily organs. Corneille survived the loss of his faculties for a year, and died on the 1st of October, 1684, at the age of seventy-eight.

The essays on Chapelain, Rotrou, and Scarron, which also appear in this volume, and were chiefly prepared by Madame Guizot, deserve separate notices, but the work is accessible, and we earnestly recommend it to all readers of taste

From Vincent Bourne.

### THE PYRAMID.

At vast expense was raised this Pyramid—  
For what?

That a poor human body should not rot,  
Embalmed and hid.  
Its blackened skin,

And its gum-hardened substance, lies within.  
For this what acres gave their whole extent !

And years of cost,  
And many thousand hands, their labor lost.

Seek thou a nobler monument ;

Build high

The Pyramid within thy mind ;

Lift up thy virtue to affect the sky,  
And leave the towering Pyramid behind.

Be thy life pure,

Nor ask if brick-built acres shall endure !

Six feet by two will be sufficient found  
To make thy mortal hillock in the holy ground.

KINDLY MEANT. It is with the best wishes that we recommend to the notice of our Protectionist Ministers the perusal of a little book, published under the title of "The Stomach and its Difficulties."

From Household Words.

### THE SCHAH'S ENGLISH GARDENER.

THE facts of the following narration were communicated to me by Mr. Burton, the head-gardener at Teddesley Park, in Staffordshire. I had previously been told that he had been for a year or two in the service of the Schah of Persia, which induced me to question him concerning the motives which took him so far from England, and the kind of life which he led at Teheran. I was so much interested in the details he gave me, that I made notes at the time, which have enabled me to draw up the following account:—

Mr. Burton is a fine-looking healthy man, in the prime of life, whose appearance would announce his nation all the world over. He had completed his education as a gardener at Knight's, when, in 1848, an application was made to him, on behalf of the Schah of Persia, by Colonel Sheil, the English envoy at the court of Teheran, who proposed to Mr. Burton that he should return to Persia with the second Persian secretary to the embassy, Mirza Oosan Koola, and take charge of the Royal Gardens at Teheran, at a salary of a hundred pounds a year, with rooms provided for him, and an allowance of two shillings a day for the food of himself and the native servant whom he would find it necessary to employ. This prospect, and the desire, which is so natural to young men, to see countries beyond their own, led Mr. Burton to accept the proposal. The Mirza Oosan Koola and he left Southampton on the twenty-ninth of September, 1848, and went by steam to Constantinople. Thence they journeyed without accident to the capital of Persia. The seat of government was removed to Teheran about seventy years ago, when the Kujur dynasty became possessed of the Persian throne. Their faction was predominant in the North of Persia, and they, consequently, felt more secure in Teheran than in the ancient southern capital. Teheran is situated in the midst of a wide plain, from two to three hundred miles long, which has a most dreary appearance, being totally uncultivated, and the soil of which is a light kind of reddish loam that becomes pulverized after a long continuance of dry weather, and then rises as great clouds of sand, sometimes even obscuring the sun several hours in a day for several successive days.

Bad news awaited Mr. Burton on his arrival at Teheran. The Schah, who had commissioned Colonel Sheil to engage an English gardener, was dead. His successor cared little either about gardening or his predecessor's engagements. Colonel Sheil was in England. Mr. Burton's heart sunk a little within him; but, having a stout English spirit, and great faith in the British embassy, he insisted on a partial fulfilment of the contract. Until this negotiation was completed, Mr. Burton was lodged in the house of Mirza Oosan Koola. Mr. Burton was, therefore, for a month, a member of a Persian household belonging to one of the upper middle class.

The usual mode of living in one house seemed pretty nearly the same in all that fell under the range of Mr. Burton's observation. They get up at sunrise, when they have a cup of coffee. The few hours in the day in which the Persians condescend to labor in any way, are from sunrise until seven or eight o'clock in the morning. After that, the heat becomes so intense (frequently one

hundred and eight or one hundred and nine degrees in the shade) that all keep within doors, lying about on mats in passages or rooms. At ten they have their first substantial meal; which consists of mutton and rice, stewed together in a rude saucepan over a charcoal fire, built out of doors. Sometimes, in addition to this dish, they have a kind of soup, or "water-meat" (which is the literal translation of the Persian name), made of water, mutton, onions, parsley, fowls, rice, dried fruits, apricots, almonds, and walnuts, stewed together. But this, as we may guess from the multiplicity of the ingredients, was a dainty dish. At four o'clock, the panting Persians, nearly worn out by the heat of the day, take a cup of strongly perfumed tea, with a little bitter-orange juice squeezed into it; and after this tonic they recover strength enough to smoke and lounge. Dinner was the grand meal of the day, to which they invited friends. It was not unlike breakfast, but was preceded by a dessert, at which wine was occasionally introduced, but which always consisted of melons and dried fruits. The dinner was brought in on a pewter tray; but Mr. Burton remarked that the pewter dishes were very dingy. A piece of common print was spread on the ground, and cakes of bread put on it. They had no spoons for the soup, "water-meat," but soaked their bread in it, or curled it round into a hollow shape, and fished up what they could out of the abyss. At the Mirza's they had spoons for the sour goat's milk, with ice, which seemed to be one of their delicacies. The ice is brought down from the mountains, and sold pretty cheaply in the bazaars. Sugar and salt are eaten together with this iced sour goat's milk. Smoking narghilaes beguiles the evening hours very pleasantly. They pluck a quantity of rose-blossoms and put them into the water through which the smoke passes; but the roses last in season only a month. Mirza Oosan Koola had a few chairs in the house for the use of the gentlemen of the embassy.

At last the negotiation respecting Mr. Burton's engagement was ended. His friends at the embassy had insisted that the present Schah should install him in the office of royal gardener at the salary proposed by his predecessor. Accordingly, about a month after his arrival at Teheran, he took possession of two rooms, appropriated to his use, in the garden of El Kanai. This garden consisted of six acres, with a mud wall all round it. There were avenues of fruit-trees planted, with lucerne growing under them, which was cut for the food of the horses in the royal stable; but the lucerne and the trees gave this royal garden very much the aspect of an English orchard, and must have been a very disenchanting prospect for a well-trained gardener, accustomed to our flower beds, and vegetable gardens. The fruit-trees were apricots, apples, pears, and cherries—the latter of the same description as ours, but finer in quality; the apricots were of a kind which Mr. Burton had never seen before, with large sweet kernels. He brought some of the stones with him to England, and gave them to his old master, Mr. Knight. If this square plot of orchard-ground, surrounded by a mud-wall, was the cheerless prospect outside, the two rooms which Mr. Burton was to inhabit were not much more attractive. Bare of all furniture, with floors of mud and chaff beaten together, they did not even contain the mats which play so many parts in Persian houses. Mr. Burton's first care was to purchase mats, and hire a



servant to market and cook for him. The people at the embassy sent him the various bales of seeds, roots, and implements, which he had brought with him from England; and he hoped before long to introduce some improvements into Persian gardening: so little did he as yet know the nature of the people with whom he had to deal. But before he was well settled in his two rooms, while he was yet unpacking his English bales, some native plasterers told him that, outside of his wooden door (which fastened only with a slight chain), six men lay in wait to do him evil, partly prompted by the fact of his being a foreigner, partly in hopes of obtaining possession of some of the contents of these bales.

It was two miles to the embassy, and Mr. Burton was without a friend nearer; his very informants would not stand by him, but would rather rejoice in his discomfiture. But being a brave, resolute man, he picked out a scythe from among his English implements, threw open the door, and began to address the six men (who, sure enough, lay couched near the entrance) in the best Persian he could muster. His Persian eloquence, or possibly the sight of the scythe wielded by a stout resolute man, produced the desired effect: the six men, fortunately, went away, without having attacked him, for any effort at self defence on his part would have strengthened the feeling of hostility already strong against him. Once more he was left in quiet to unpack his goods, with such shaded light as two windows covered over with paper and calico could give. But when his tools were unpacked—tools selected with such care and such a hoping heart in England—who were to use them? The men appointed as gardeners under him would not work, because they were never paid. If Mr. Burton made them work, he should pay them, they said. At length he did persuade them to labor, during the hours in which exertion was possible even to a native. Mr. Burton began to inquire how these men were paid, or if their story was true that they never were. It was true that wages for labor done for the Schah were most irregularly given. And when the money could no longer be refused, it was paid in the form of bills upon some gate to a town, or some public bath, a hundred or a hundred and twenty miles away, such gates and baths being royal property. Honest payment of wages being rare, of course stealing is plentiful; and it is even winked at by the royal officers. The gardeners under Mr. Burton, for instance, would gather the flowers he had cherished with care, and present them to any chief who came into the Baugh-el-Kanai; and the presents they received in turn constituted their only means of livelihood. Sometimes Mr. Burton was the sole laborer in this garden; and he had the charge of Baugh-el-Colleza, twenty square acres in size, and at some distance from El Kanai, where he lived. When the hot weather came on, he fell ill of diarrhoea, and for three months lay weary and ill on his mat, unable to superintend, if there had been gardeners, or to work himself, if there were none.

After he recovered, he seemed to have been hopeless of doing any good in such a climate, and among such a people. The Schah took little interest in horticulture. He sometimes came into the gardens of El Kanai (in which his palace was situated), and would ask some questions, through an interpreter, in a languid, weary kind of way. Sometimes, when Mr. Burton had any vegetables

ready, he requested leave to present them himself to the Schah, when this was accorded, he wove the twigs of the white poplar (the tree which most abounded on the great barren plain surrounding Teheran), and, filling this with lettuces, or peas, or similar garden produce, he was ushered with much ceremony into one of the courts ("small yards," as Mr. Burton once irreverently called them) belonging to the palace. There, in a kind of balcony projecting from one of the windows, the Schah sat; and the English gardener, without shoes, but with the lamb's-skin "fey" covering his head, bowed low three times, as he gave up his basket to be handed to the Schah. Mr. Burton did not perform the Persian salaam, considering such a slave-like obeisance unbefitting a European. The Schah received these baskets of vegetables, some of which were new to him, with great indifference, not caring to ask any questions. The spirit of curiosity, however, was alive in the harem, if nowhere else; and one day Mr. Burton was surprised to receive a command to go and sow some annuals in one of the courts of the harem, for such was the queen-mother's desire. So, taking a few packets of common flower-seeds, he went through some rooms in the palace before he arrived at the courts, which open one out of another. These rooms Mr. Burton considered as little better, either in size, construction, or furniture, than his own garden-dwelling; but there are some apartments in this royal palace which are said to be splendid; one lined with plate-glass, and several fitted up with the beautiful painted windows for which Persia is celebrated. On entering the courts belonging to the harem, Mr. Burton found himself attended by three or four soldiers, and two eunuchs—all with drawn swords, which they made a little parade of holding above him, rather to his amusement, especially as he seemed to have had occasional glimpses of peeping ladies, who ought rather to have had the swords held over them. Before passing from one yard to another, one or two soldiers would precede him, to see that the coast was clear. And if a veiled lady chanced, through that ignorance which is bliss all the world over, to come into the very yard where he was, the soldiers seized him, huddled him into a dark corner, and turned his face to the wall; she, meanwhile, passing through under the cover of her servant's large cloak, something like a chicken peeping from under the wing of the hen. Whatever might have been their danger from the handsome young Englishman, he, at least, was not particularly attracted by their appearance. The utmost praise he could bestow was, that "one or two were tolerably good-looking;" and, on being pressed for details, he said that those ladies of the harem of whom he caught a glimpse resembled all other Persian women, in having very large features, very coarse complexions, with large eyes. They (as well as the men) paint the eyebrows, so as to make them appear to meet. They are stout-made. Such were the observations which Mr. Burton made, as he was passing through the yards, or courts, which led into the small garden where he was to sow his flower-seeds. Here the queen-mother sat in a projecting balcony; but as soon as she saw the stranger she drew back. She is about thirty-five years of age, and possesses much influence in the country; which, as she is a cruel and ambitious woman, has produced great evils.

One day, Mrs. Sheil's maid, who had accompanied her mistress on a visit to the ladies in the

harem, fell in with a Frenchwoman who had been an inhabitant there for more than twenty years. She seemed perfectly contented with her situation, and had no wish to exchange it for any other.

Every now and then Mr. Burton sent flowers to the harem; such as he could cultivate in the dry, hot garden, with no command of labor. Marvel-of-Peru, African marigolds, single stock, and violets planted along the sides of the walks between planes and poplars, were the flowers he gathered to form his nosegays. But all gardening was weary and dreary work; partly owing to the great heat of the climate, partly to the scarcity of water, but more especially because there was no service or assistance to be derived from any other man. The men appointed to assist him grew more careless and lazy than ever as time rolled on; he had no means of enforcing obedience, or attention, and if he had had, he would not have dared to use it, and so to increase the odium that attached to him as a foreigner. Moreover, no one cared whether the gardens flourished or decayed. If it had not been for the kindness of some of the English residents, among whom he especially mentioned Mr. Reade, his situation would have been utterly intolerable.

There was nothing in the external life of the place which could compensate for his individual disappointment; at least, he perceived nothing. One day, in crossing the market-place, he saw eight men lying with their heads cut off; executed for being religious fanatics, who had assumed the character of prophets. At another time, there were six men put to death for highway robbery; and the mode of death was full of horror, whatever their crimes might be. They were hung head downwards, with the right arm and leg cut off; one of them dragged out life in this state for three days. Even the minor punishments are cruel and vindictive, as they always are where the power and execution of the laws is uncertain. One of the penalties, inflicted for slight offences, is to have a string passed through the nostrils, and be led for three successive days through the bazaars and market-places by a crier, proclaiming the nature of his misdemeanor. Blindness is very common; Mr. Burton has often seen six or eight blind men walking in a string, each with his right arm on the shoulder of his precursor; partly caused by ophthalmia produced by the dust, and partly because the Schah has it in his power to inflict the punishment of pulling both or one of the eyes out. The great-grandfather of the present Schah, Aga Mohammed, the founder of the Kajar dynasty, had large baskets-full of the eyes of his enemies presented to him after his accession to the throne.

Let us change the subject to attar of roses; though all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten the memory of that last sentence. Attar of roses is made and sold in the bazaars; the rose employed is the common single pink, which must be gathered before the sudden rise of the hot sun causes the dew to evaporate. By the side of the attar sellers may be seen the Jew, selling trinkets; the Armenians (Christians in name, and, as such, bound by no laws of Mahomet), selling a sweetish red wine, and arrackee, a spirit made from the refuse of grapes, and resembling gin; while through the bazaars men go, having leathern bags on their backs containing bad, dirty water, and a lump of ice in a basin, into which they pour out draughts for their customers. Ice is brought down from the mountains, and sold at the rate of a large lump for two or three pools—a pool being a small copper

coin, of which thirty make one koraun, (silver,) value eleven-pence; and ten korauns make one tomaun, a gold coin of the value of nine shillings. The drinking-water is procured from open drains, or from tanks, in which all the washing the Persians ever give their clothes is done. They use no soap even for shaving; but soapy water would be preferable to the vermin which float on the surface of the beverage obtained from these sources. No wonder that the cholera returns every three years, and is a fatal scourge; especially when we learn that the doctors and barbers in Teheran, as formerly in England, unite the two professions, and that the great resource in all cases of illness is the lancet.

Besides the shops in the bazaars, where provisions and beverages of various kinds are sold, there are others for silks, carpets, embroidered pieces, something like the Indian shawls, but smaller in size, and purchased by the Europeans for waistcoats; and Cashmere shawls, which even there, and not always new, bear the high prices of from fifty pounds to one hundred pounds. Those which were presented to the ladies of the embassy were worth, at Teheran, one hundred pounds apiece. There are also lamb's-skin caps, or fezes, about half a yard high, conical in shape, and open, or crownless, at the top; heavier than a hat, but much cooler, owing to the ventilation produced by this opening. No Europeans wear hats, except one or two at the embassy. Cotton materials are used for dresses by the common people, manufactured at Teheran. There are very few articles of British manufacture sold in the bazaars; but French, German, and Russia things abound. A fondness for watches seems to be a Persian weakness; some of the higher classes will wear two at a time, like the English dandies sixty years ago; and sometimes both these watches will be in the state of stand-still. It is, therefore, no wonder that a little German watchmaker, who is settled at Teheran, is making his fortune. The mode of reckoning time is from sunrise to sunset—prayers being said by the faithful before each of these. The day and night are each divided into "watches" of three hours long; subdividing the time between sunrise and mid-day, mid-day and sunset.

Mr. Burton saw little of the religious ceremonies of the Persians. He had never been inside a mosque; but had seen people saying their prayers, at the appointed times (at the expiration of every watch through the day, he believed), on raised platforms, erected for the purpose, up and down the town. The form of washing the hands before they say their prayers is gone through by country-people on the dusty plain, using soil instead of water; the more purifying article of the two, one would suppose, after hearing Mr. Burton's account of the state of the drains and tanks in Teheran. The priests are recognized by the white turbans which they wear as a class distinction; and our English gardener does not seem to have come in contact with any of them, excepting in occasional rencontres in the streets; where the women, veiled and shrouded, shuffle along—their veils being transparent just at the eyes, so as to enable them to see without being seen; while their clumsy, shapeless mantles effectually prevent all recognition even from husband or father. The higher class (the wives of Mirzas, or noblemen) are conveyed in a kind of covered hand-barrow from place to place. This species of rude carriage will hold two ladies sitting upright, and has a small door on

either side ; it is propelled by one mule before and one behind.

As long as these national peculiarities were novel enough to excite curiosity, Mr. Burton had something to relieve the monotony of his life, which was very hopeless in the horticultural line. By-and-by it sank into great sameness. The domestic changes were of much the same kind as the Vicar of Wakefield's migration from the blue bed to the brown ; for three or four months in the hot season, Mr. Burton conveyed his mat up the mud staircase which led from his apartments through a trap-door on to the flat roof, and slept there. When the hot weather was over, Mr. Burton came down under cover. He felt himself becoming utterly weary and enervated ; and probably wondered less than he had done on his first arrival at the lazy way in which the natives worked ; sitting down, for instance, to build a wall. Indifference, which their religion may dignify in some things into fatalism, seemed to prevail everywhere and in every person. They ate their peas and beans unshelled, rather than take any unnecessary trouble ; a piece of piggism which especially scandalized him.

Twice in the year there were great religious festivals, which roused the whole people into animation and enthusiasm. One in the spring was the Noorooz, when a kind of miracle-play was acted simultaneously upon the various platforms in the city : the grandest representation of all being in the market-place, where thirty or forty thousand attended. The subject of this play is the death of the sons of Ali ; the Persians being Sheeah, or followers of Ali, and, as such, regarded as schismatics by the more orthodox Turks, who do not believe in the three successors of Mohammed. This "mystery" is admirably performed, and excites the Persians to passionate weeping. A Frank ambassador is invariably introduced, who comes to intercede for the sons of Ali. This is the tradition of the Persians ; and although not corroborated by any European legend, it is so faithfully believed in by the Persians, that it has long procured for the Europeans a degree of kindly deference, very different from the feeling with which they are regarded by the Ali-hating Turks. The other religious festival occurs some time in August, and is of much the same description ; some event (Mr. Burton believed it was the death of Mohammed) being dramatized, and acted in all the open public places. The weeping and wailing are as general at this representation as the other. Mr. Burton himself said, "he was so cut up by it he could not help crying ;" and excused himself for what he evidently considered a weakness, by saying that everybody there was doing the same.

Sometimes the Shah rode abroad ; he and his immediate attendants were well mounted ; but behind, around, came a rabble rout to the number of one, two, or even three thousand, on broken-down horses, on mules, on beggarly donkeys, or running on foot, their rags waving in the wind, everybody, anybody, anyhow. The soldiers in attendance did not contribute to the regularity or uniformity of the scene, as there is no regulation height, and the dwarf of four feet ten jostles his brother in arms who towers above him at the stature of six feet six.

In strange contrast with this wild tumult and disorderly crowd must be one of the Shah's

amusements, which consists in listening to Mr. Burgess (the appointed English interpreter), who translates the Times, Illustrated News, and occasionally English books, for the pleasure of the Shah. One wonders what ideas certain words convey, representative of the order and uniform regularity of England.

In October, 1849, Colonel Shiel returned to Teheran, after his sojourn in England ; and soon afterwards it was arranged that Mr. Burton should leave Persia, and shorten his time of engagement to the Shah by one half. Accordingly, as soon as he had completed a year in Teheran, he began to make preparations for returning to Europe ; and about March, 1850, he arrived at Constantinople, where he remained another twelvemonth. The remembrance of Mr. Burton's Oriental life must be in strange contrast to the regular, well-ordered comfort of his present existence.

**OTHER SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES MAY SUPERSEDE STEAM.**—In speculations like these, the probable, if not certain progress of improvement and discovery, ought not to be overlooked ; and we may safely pronounce that, long before such a period of time shall have rolled away, other and more powerful mechanical agents will supersede the use of coal. Philosophy already directs her finger at sources of inexhaustible power in the phenomena of electricity and magnetism. The alternate decomposition and recombination of water, by electric action, has too close an analogy to the alternate processes of vaporization and condensation not to occur at once to every mind ; the development of the gases from solid matter by the operation of the chemical affinities, and their subsequent condensation into the liquid form, has already been essayed as a source of power. In a word, the general state of physical science at the present moment, the vigor, activity, and sagacity with which researches in it are prosecuted in every civilized country, the increasing consideration in which scientific men are held, and the personal honors and rewards which begin to be conferred upon them, all justify the expectation that we are on the eve of mechanical discoveries still greater than any which have yet appeared ; that the steam-engine itself, with its gigantic powers, will dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the energies of nature which are still to be revealed ; and that the day will come when that machine, which is now extending the blessings of civilization to the most remote skirts of the globe, will cease to have existence, except in the page of history.—*Lardner on the Steam Engine.*

**LOTTERY OF DEATH.**—The Polish and German peasantry have given the authorities at Posen considerable trouble by their inquiries respecting a "Rothschild's Lottery." They have been led to believe that the "great Rothschild" has been sentenced to be beheaded ; but that he has been allowed to procure a substitute, if he can by lottery. For this purpose, a sum of many millions is devoted, all the tickets to be prizes of 3000 thalers each, except one ! That fatal number is a blank ; and whoever draws it, is to be decapitated instead of the celebrated banker ! Notwithstanding the risk, the applicants for shares have been numerous. [There is nothing surprising in the number of applications for these shares. Every man who enters the army, in war-time, takes out a ticket in a similar lottery. In China, human life is of still less account ; for there it is easy for a condemned criminal, whose escape the authorities are willing to connive at, to obtain a substitute, who, for a sum of money, suffers death in his stead.]

From Tait's Magazine.

## THE THIRTIETH OF APRIL, 1632.

INGOLSTADT is a goodly town,  
Lies down by Danube's side ;  
And April's month is gay and green  
All in the sweet spring tide.

In April's month so gay and green,  
Upon its latest day,  
In Ingolstadt's beleaguered town  
A dying man there lay.

It was a warrior, worn and old,  
Of threescore years and ten,  
Whom never more shall cannon's roar  
Or trumpet wake again.

And at the head of that grim death-bed  
In ranged order stood,  
By the visage wan of the dying man,  
A priestly brotherhood.

To bless and speed his parting soul  
With praise and prayer they came ;  
The men of that dark company  
Miscalled of Jesus' name.

But as prayer was sped, and praises said,  
His parting soul to cheer,  
On the visage wan of the dying man  
There stood a grisly fear.

"Now, fear not thou," those brethren said,  
"Stout champion of the Lord !  
Who live like thee, like thee who die,  
Miss not their high reward.

"With blood of Holy Church's foes  
Thy soul is purged and shriven :  
God's slaughtered enemies for thee  
Build up the steps to heaven."

But as the lays of prayer and praise  
Further and further strained,  
On the visage wan of the dying man  
That ghastly fear remained.

"Fear not," they cried, "for thee on high  
Applauding harps are strung ;  
Approving saints thy coming wait  
To join th' immortal throng.

"For thou hast fought the righteous fight—  
Kept the good faith hast thou !  
Soldier and servant, tried and true,  
Receive thy guerdon now !

"Mount, champion of the Church of God !  
Grown gray in her renown,  
And change thy wreath of laurels here  
For heaven's eternal crown.

"Mount !"—But in vain the exulting strain—  
Its notes unheeded roll ;  
To the visage wan of the dying man  
No saintly hope there stole.

Forever, as they told of Heaven—  
Before the outrolling scene,  
Thrusting its flame-encircled towers—  
A city rose between.

The vision of a burning town  
His failing eyes descried,  
The while a river, bloody red,  
Rushes tumultuous by.

Athwart the streets with carnage piled,  
There fainting foemen reel ;  
There trembling graybeards vainly ask  
Grace from the murderous steel.

Here, weak, defenceless woman flies—  
There, feels in wild despair

The grasp of gory ravisher  
Clenched in her lustrous hair.

Soft mothers bare the burdened breast,  
Nor yet the stroke is stayed ;  
And on sweet childhood's lifted hands  
Down goes the brutal blade.

Vain thought was then on Mansfield foiled,  
On baffled Brunswick vain,  
And Denmark flying fast and far  
Athwart the Saxon plain.

Vain to his guilt-encumbered soul  
The tale that glory yields,  
Of thrice ten vaunted victories  
Won from the streaming fields.

Marring the meed for valorous deed,  
Hiding th' immortal crown,  
Ever before his blasted view  
Uprose the burning town !

And, for transporting seraph-choirs,  
Croatia's grimly hordes,  
Reeking with blood of innocents,  
Flash their accusing swords.

No angel-harps his welcome hymn,  
But, piercing shrill and clear,  
Shrieks of immeasurable woe  
Ring in his dying ear.

"Die, and despair !" they seem to say,  
"And, at thy mortal goal,  
Remember bleeding Magdeburg  
When Heaven demands thy soul !"

'T was thus in Ingolstadt's old town,  
On April's latest day,  
From the face of man to the great God's ban,  
Count Tilly passed away.

## THE DAISY.

THE daisy blossoms on the rocks,  
Amid the purple heath ;  
It blossoms on the rivers' banks  
That thread the glens beneath ;

The eagle in his pride of place,  
Beholds it by his nest ;  
And in the mead, it cushions soft  
The lark's descending breast.

Samaritan of flowers ! to it  
All races are alike !  
The Switzer on his glacier height—  
The Dutchman by his dyke.

The seal-skin vested Esquimaux,  
Begirt with icy seas—  
And, underneath his burning moon,  
The parasol'd Chinese.

The emigrant on distant shore,  
'Mid scenes and faces strange,  
Beholds it flowering in sward,  
Where'er his footsteps range.

And when his yearning, home-sick heart  
Would bow to its despair,  
It reads his eye a lesson sage—  
That "God is everywhere."

Stars are the daisies that begem  
The blue fields of the sky,  
Beheld by all, and everywhere,  
Bright prototypes on high :—

Bloom on then, unpretending flowers !  
And to the waverer be  
An emblem of St. Paul's content,  
Of Stephen's constancy.



From Household Words.

## THE WIDOW OF SIXTEEN.

MADAME DE BUFFON, the niece of Daubenton, and widow of the only son of the great naturalist, is just now dead—so the newspapers of the day announce—at her country-seat of Montbard, in Burgundy. Until the railway from Paris to Dijon was projected, few persons, even in France, knew more of Montbard than its name; and as the French, up to a very recent date, were singularly ignorant of the situation of any place removed from the capital, they troubled their heads but little to ascertain the whereabouts of the shabby village-town where the illustrious Buffon was born, and where he died. It is different now; for Montbard, as well as Tonnerre, has a railway station, and its name is shouted out by the zealous officers of the great Dijon line; whence the pretty spire of the rural church, and the majestic form of the Great Tower de l'Aubespain can be plainly seen. The stranger's curiosity is excited, when he hears that the huge building, apparently uninjured by time, which peers haughtily over the surrounding country from the height of its woody hill, stands in the grounds of the house where Buffon, the naturalist, formerly lived.

It has fallen in my way to visit this spot three several times. The first time I came upon it was during a rambling excursion through Champagne and Burgundy, before I reached Auvergne, which was my destination. My reason for turning out of the road was rather a sentimental one. A friend in England had related to me a history of her acquaintance with the niece of Daubenton, the great naturalist and comparative anatomist, whose fame is only eclipsed by that of his collaborator.

My friend was sent, when just emerging into womanhood, with two sisters, to Paris, to be placed under the care of Madame Daubenton, the sister-in-law of the naturalist, who, being a widow in indifferent circumstances, was not sorry to accept the charge of a few English girls, belonging to a rich family, to be educated with her own daughter Betsy. A strict friendship sprang up between my friend and the pretty, round, rosy, cheerful, and affectionate little girl, who learned English readily "from lips that she loved," and imparted in return her own animated accent to the French of her "dear Sophy." When the time came for them to part, both being then about fifteen, little love tokens were exchanged amidst their tears; and the then broad ocean, unknown to narrowing stream, separated them. The marriages of Sophy and Betsy took place almost immediately after; the latter had become the bride of young de Buffon. Then came, before she had been a wife a twelvemonth, the terrible consequences of several ages of oppression and misrule; Buffon himself did not see the Revolution, and the young couple were living tranquilly in their charming and happy country-house at Montbard, when the Reign of Terror burst upon them. In the madness and confusion of the time, the friends of humanity suffered alike with tyrants, and the young bridegroom was torn from his home and dragged to the guillotine. Poor Betsy was also destined to suffer, and had already gone through hardships and terrors which might appal the most courageous; had lain in damp dungeons, been exposed whole nights in a cart full of condemned prisoners, and had given up all but the hope of rejoining her husband, when a turn of the wheel set her free.

After a time, the widow of sixteen regained part of her property and returned to Montbard, where little remained that had formerly adorned her home, except one room, the walls of which were covered with colored drawings of birds, executed under the eye of the great Buffon himself—the originals of those engravings published in his great work. These had been condemned to add to the bonfire which, kindled

in the market-place of Montbard, had devoured almost all the carved chairs, tables, and curious cabinets, with their contents, which had belonged to the chateau; but, luckily, it was difficult to get these feathered friends from the walls, and delay saved them.

Here, till her seventy-seventh year, suffering in health and sight in consequence of the treatment she had experienced, lived Betsy de Buffon, as far as her slender means allowed, the Lady Bountiful of the neighborhood.

Once, twenty years ago, the friends met in Paris. I was charged, many years after that, not to pass Montbard without paying a visit, and bearing a portrait of her beloved Sophy to the countess. My welcome was the warmer for my errand, and, as a surprise to her friend, I sketched the likeness of Betsy; who, even at her advanced age, still retained much of her former beauty, and whose ancient cheerfulness was renewed while she told me stories of her days of childhood.

"See here," she said, opening a little cabinet; "look at this relic, and tell my Sophy how faithful to our childhood I have been throughout my life. I shall never part with this little needle-case and these small drawings, given me, when we first parted, by Sophy and her sisters."

When I considered that the minute red morocco, old-fashioned article she prized so much must have been preserved from pillage, and fire, and blood, and ruin of all kinds, I could not but look with reverence on the little old lady whose tender heart had been able to keep an early friendship so long warm and glowing. Betsy delighted in speaking English, and was not a little proud to show off that accomplishment in her circle, where not a word but pure Burgundian was understood. She had forgotten almost all she had ever known of our language; but the few sentences she spoke were in an almost perfect accent, and so nearly in the tone of her friend Sophy, as to be startling to my ear. I indulged her in the notion that she had lost none of her former facility, and never reminded her of the fact that the greatest part of her words were French, as she ran on laughing and talking to the amazement of her friends.

"How well she must speak!" exclaimed one of the demoiselles Bussy, as the two antiquated sisters, her especial favorites and frequent visitors, sat elevating their hands at her prowess—"how very well! I declare it seems to me that even I understand half she says; after all, English is not such a barbarous jargon when Betsy speaks it!"

These ladies, who were so impressed with respect for her acquirements, lived in the village, and spent every evening of their lives at the chateau; possessing the key of a certain garden gate, which admitted them without question or trouble to the terrace on to which the drawing-room opened. The fourth hand at the invariable "whisk," in which Betsy delighted, and without which she could not have slept, was supplied by Doctor Le Franc, who, as regularly as the time came, entered also unannounced, and took his seat at the table. The doctor had lived all his life at Montbard, and had never found time to leave the province. What he may or might have been induced to do when the then dreaded railroad cut up his native valley, I know not; but, if he be still living, he can run up to Paris once a week without the inconvenience that a journey to Dijon, the only metropolis he knew, used to cause him.

The doctor was almost the only eligible single man to be found in that secluded region; and report said—indeed the countess, with numerous sly winks and nods, herself hinted to me—that there was some truth in the rumor that Mademoiselle Florinde Bussy had laid siege to his heart for at least forty years. Why it had been in vain, I afterwards conjectured—but if my suspicions were true, the ambitious aspirations of

the good and obedient doctor had been forced to subdue themselves into the purest platonism. Beyond these guests the widow had no society; and her infirmities rendering it impossible for her to enjoy the beautiful hanging gardens of her domain—which almost exclusively belonged to the peasantry and the towns-people—she seldom left the house except for her yearly visit to the capital, where she always passed the winter—Montbard being too damp a residence. In fact, the situation of the house is peculiar. It stands at the foot of a very high hill, the chief entrance being in the street of the slovenly little ragged town; behind it, a well-like court is surrounded by wings on three sides, and the mountain rises sheer from a lofty terrace, the first of several which reach to the summit, crowned with the fine old tower and a few walls of the ancient feudal castle that once occupied the site. Buffon laid out the whole of these charming gardens himself, and was the first to throw them open for the convenience of the towns-people; a custom continued to the end by the Countess Betsy.

The benevolent naturalist had first conceived the idea of thus beautifying his ground for the purpose of giving employment to the people; many hundreds of whom derived their support from the works which he watched and directed with extreme interest. He fitted up a part of the old tower as a study; and there most of his great labors were carried on. At the revolution his chair and table were burnt; and some feeling not to be conquered prevented his daughter-in-law from ever refurbishing "Buffon's study," although the bare walls are still one of the lions of the place.

Scarcely a week passed without the gardens of Montbard being enlivened by a fête of some kind. Before her infirm health obliged her to relinquish the custom, it was usual for Madame Buffon to sit out on the first terrace in an easy-chair and witness the gayeties; but, of late years, she had discontinued to do so, and sometimes, from her windows, looked out at the lively parties who made her grounds their own, and whose hilarity and pleasure she enjoyed as much as they. I saw several wedding processions ascend the numerous steps to the terraces; and very gay and bright all the peasants in their finery looked, as they went laughingly along, preceded by their violin, scattering themselves in groups amongst the orange trees and flowering shrubs, with which the garden walks are bordered, in the usual formal style of French gardening taste. When these parties reached the solitary spot where the antique tower rears its giant height amongst the huge gray rocks, of which it seems a part, they unpacked their pic-nic baskets, uncorked their bottles, and regaled themselves at their leisure; after which they danced on the green sward, shaded by the fine trees, beneath the castle walls.

Every Sunday the gardens are filled with the residents of the town and its vicinity; and the countess used to ask, with great interest, how many had come to visit her from week to week. When stray travellers appeared, which was not unusual, they wrote their names in a book in the porter's lodge, and then it was that the eloquence of the female gardener, who had chief charge of, and who exhibited and boasted of the flower gardens, came into notice. This functionary is the daughter of the worthy likeness of Adam, who lived there in the time of Buffon himself, and who died at the age of ninety; she apologizes for a good deal of slovenliness by observing that she has not hands enough to do the parterres justice, and is very jealous of the personage who has charge of the kitchen garden, on which all the care of the establishment is showered, the truth being, that part of the revenue of the château depends on its cultivation and productiveness. The fruit is certainly magnifi-

cent here; the peaches in particular being of an incredible size, and the flavor, as well as the aspect, of the grapes admirable.

Of all the statues, monuments, fountains, and ornamental buildings, which the taste of Buffon erected in his favorite bowers and groves, nothing remains but a simple column, which the filial attention of his son raised close to the study of the naturalist, once on occasion of his absence from home. The widowed Betsy never failed to ask all visitors if they had observed that memorial, which she had caused to be re-erected, after it had been thrown down by the unthinking rabble, to whose love of destruction the château and grounds had been given up as a prey.

The death of the widow will probably change everything at Montbard; as she has no direct heirs, the house and grounds will perhaps be sold, and the estate divided. It would take a good deal of trouble to destroy the old tower, which, it is to be hoped, will be left as a point of view from the railroad, and, as it could not serve any utilitarian purpose, there is no reason why it should not be left to its own reflections of the mutability of things; for the grand old ruin has seen a variety of changes, since Roman brick and mortar were employed to seat it so firmly on the rock in which it is embedded. The lords of Montbard, who looked out from its loopholes, were some of the most powerful of their time, and served their sovereign masters, the Dukes of Burgundy, in many a war, regardless of the will of the vassals whose arms and lives were their property to do what they pleased with. One of them, a certain Hugues the Fourth, was, in the thirteenth century, a great benefactor to his native town, reserving for himself, in consequence of want of money—an excuse acknowledged in all ages—fifteen days' credit with the bankers and wine merchants, beyond which time they were not bound to supply him, until he had paid his debts. How many of his tradespeople disputed their rights with a lord who lived in such a domicile, is not recorded; but it would have been rather an imprudent act to send up the bill too often to a spot whence not only a precipice descended, but where numerous dungeons completed the architecture. Philip the Bold, of Burgundy, lived occasionally in this castle, and there received his bride, the mother of his violent son, Charles the Rash, whose frantic ambition an army of Swiss peasants put an end to—scattering his jewels beneath the wheels of their rough wagons, and cutting up his golden tapestry into aprons for their wives. Henry the Fourth besieged Montbard and took it, and here he drank confusion to the League, in some of the best wines of the best wine district in France.

The modern hero of the village is doubtless the barber. In his old age he boasted to me that, on one memorable morning, he shaved, before breakfast, the chins of "three men capable of ruling a world"—Buffon, Rousseau, and Voltaire! Rousseau, who had been invited by the master of the château to meet his great rival, in the hope that the two spirits would become reconciled, was seized, on that occasion, with a fit of sentimental enthusiasm as he was conducted to the study in the grove, where his host was wont to write, and, prostrating himself on the threshold, kissed the steps which so often gave support to his feet.

What a pity a man of such exquisite notions  
Should send his poor brats to the Foundling, my dear!

Both the Countess Betsy and her beloved Sophy are no more; and the episode of this friendship between the English and French woman is at an end. Two more amiable, faithful, and true-hearted beings never existed. The memory of their virtues should add another charm to the locality.

From the Examiner.

*Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases, Classified and Arranged so as to facilitate the Expression of Ideas, and assist in Literary Composition.* By PETER MARK ROGET, M. D., F. R. S., &c., Author of "The Bridgewater Treatise on Animal and Vegetable Physiology." Longman & Co.

DR. ROGET tells us that nearly fifty years ago he had compiled a little catalogue of words classified according to their meaning for the private assistance of himself in literary composition. The leisure lately obtained by retirement from the duties of secretary of the Royal Society has been spent in the enlargement of his repertory for the benefit of others. Over this work he has spent the last three or four years in incessant toil, and the result is laid before the public in the present volume.

The purpose of an ordinary dictionary, Dr. Roget says,

Is simply to explain the meaning of words; and the problem of which it professes to furnish the solution may be stated thus:—The word being given, to find its signification, or the idea it is intended to convey. The object aimed at in the present undertaking is exactly the converse of this; namely,—The idea being given, to find the word, or words, by which that idea may be most fitly and aptly expressed. For this purpose, the words and phrases of the language are here classed, not according to their sound or their orthography, but strictly according to their *signification*.

The man who in writing cannot find the fit word to express a thought may, if it please him, take down Dr. Roget's *Thesaurus*, look for the class containing any word of similar idea, and there he will find a miscellaneous collection, as complete as the compiler could make it, of words and phrases from which he may employ his tact to pick the syllables that suit him best.

Some general system of classification for words

(688) **FATIGUE**, lassitude, weariness, tiredness, fatigue, exhaustion, sweat, collapse, prostration, swoon, faintness, fainting, *deliquium*, *syncope*, yawning, pandiculation, oscitation, anhelation.

*V.* To be fatigued, &c., to droop, sink, flag, lose breath, lose wind, gasp, pant, puff, blow, yawn, drop, swoon, faint, succumb.

To fatigue, tire, weary, fag, jade, harass, exhaust, knock up, wear out, strain, overtask, overwork, overburden, overtax, overstrain.

*Adj.* Fatigued, tired, unrefreshed, weary, wearied, jaded, wayworn.

Breathless, out of breath, windless, out of wind, blown, anhelose, brokenwinded.

Drooping, flagging, faint, fainting, done up, knocked up, exhausted, sinking, prostrate, spent, overspent.

Worn out, battered, shattered, seedy, weather-beaten, *hors de combat*.

*Phr.* Ready to drop; dog-weary; on one's last legs; off one's legs.

Fatiguing, &c., tiresome, irksome, wearisome.

As will have been seen by this example, Dr. Roget includes in his list foreign or classical words and phrases that have become incorporated in our common English speech, and he admits the whole body of slang—a novelist or dramatist, he says, might need slang words to put into the mouth of thieves or vagabonds. He might also need to put slang, we suppose, into the mouth of Dominies or others, and for that reason Dr. Roget opens his

as expressive of ideas being required, Dr. Roget, without affecting any peculiar metaphysical refinement, has made his classes thus:

Class.	Sect.
I. ABSTRACT RELATIONS, . . . . .	1. Existence.
	2. Relation.
	3. Quantity.
	4. Order.
	5. Number.
	6. Time.
	7. Change.
	8. Causation.
II. SPACE, . . . . .	1. Generally.
	2. Dimensions.
	3. Form.
	4. Motion.
III. MATTER, . . . . .	1. Generally.
	2. Inorganic.
	3. Organic.
IV. INTELLECT, . . . . .	1. Formation of Ideas.
	2. Communication of Ideas.
V. VOLITION, . . . . .	1. Individual.
	2. Intersocial.
VI. AFFECTIONS, . . . . .	1. Generally.
	2. Personal.
	3. Sympathetic.
	4. Moral.
	5. Religious.

In treating of each subject, the page being divided into two columns, positive and negative expression of ideas are contrasted with one another, these being placed on the right hand of a page, those on the left. For example, on one column may be words expressive of Activity, in which case, parallel with them, on the other column, will be words that denote some shade of Inactivity.

As a specimen of Dr. Roget's manner we may take the opposed ideas of Fatigue and Refreshment:—

(689) **REFRESHMENT**, recovery of strength, recruiting, repair, refection, refocillation, relief, bracing, regalement, restoration, revival.

*Phr.* A giant refreshed.

*V.* To refresh, recruit, repair, refocillate, give tone, restore, recover.

To recover, regain, renew, &c., one's strength.

*Adj.* Refreshing, &c., refreshed, &c., untired, unwearied, &c.

dictionary to a multitude of such words as pandiculation, anhelose, obmutescence, pernicious, reboation, and the like. Too much is better than too little in a list of words from which selection is to be made; we need not, therefore, find any fault with Dr. Roget on this score. The practical employer of the book will be directed to the object of his search by a full "Synopsis of Categories" at the beginning, or a very ample alphabetical index of words placed at the end, occupying 170 three-columned pages.

The philosophic student of the English language may undoubtedly pick up many ideas from the grouping of our words and vulgarisms here attempted, and attempted with a great deal of success. Many men, who, unaccustomed as they are to public speaking, have something to say, and who become, by virtue of that something, speakers

or writers, may find Dr. Roget's *Thesaurus* an aid to them in the hunt after words that will enable them to convey their meaning. As a general rule, however, when men have clear ideas, the fit words are those which first come to the mind. We cannot realize with comfort Dr. Roget's suggestion of a gentleman who writes a Newgate novel by the aid of his *Thesaurus*. A lady might do it very well. She has, we will suppose, some vagabond character, and is of course totally unfamiliar with vagabond language. "Rascal!" her scamp is about to say, and she bethinks herself that rascal is a word not strong enough to suit the speaker. She accordingly takes up Roget's *Thesaurus*, looks for rascal in the index, is referred to section 949, and out of a mass of abusive words selects one to her taste, scratches out rascal, and writes over it "Slubberdegullion." "Slubberdegullion, quit my house!"—house? cannot she find any better word than house? She looks at her *Thesaurus*, and finds resistance—"and quit my resistance!" And so she may go on; but after all she would perhaps do better to abide by words that her own thoughts have naturally prompted.

There will be many, however, who, looking at the use of Dr. Roget's book from this point of view—in other respects there can be no doubt of its great value—will consider it a great advantage to have means at hand of searching readily for some pat word that will not come into the memory. It may be found very possible to make judicious use of a work like this, even in "literary composition."

From Chambers' Journal.

#### PHILOSOPHY OF THE SHEARS.

THE vestiarian profession has always been ill-treated by the world. Men have owed much, and in more senses than one, to their tailors, and have been accustomed to pay their debt in sneers and railleries—often in nothing else. The stage character of the tailor is stereotyped from generation to generation; his goose is a perennial pun; and his habitual melancholy is derived to this day from the stultified diet on which he will persist in living—cabbage. He is effeminate, cowardly, dishonest—a mere fraction of a man both in soul and body. He is represented by the thinnest fellow in the company; his starved person and frightened look are the unfailing signals for a laugh; and he is never spoken to but in a gibe at his trade:

Thou liest, thou thread,

Thou thimble,  
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail;  
Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;  
Or I shall so bemete thee with thy yard,  
As thou shalt think on prating while thou liv'st!

All this is not a very favorable specimen of the way in which the stage holds the mirror up to nature. We may suppose that a certain character of effeminacy attached to a tailor in that olden time when he was the fashioner for women as well as men; but now that he has no professional dealings with the fair sex but when they assume masculine "habits," it is unreasonable to continue the stigma. In like manner, when the cloth belonged to the customer, it was allowable enough to suspect him of a little amiable weakness for cabbage; but now that he is himself the clothier, the joke is pointless and absurd. Tailors, however, can afford to laugh, as well as other people, at their conven-

tional double—or rather *ninth*, for at least in our own day they have wrought very hard to elevate their calling into a science. The period of lace and frippery of all kinds has passed away, and this is the era of simple form, in which sartorial genius has only cloth to work upon as severely plain as the statuary's marble. It is true, we ourselves do not understand the "anatomical principles" on which the more philosophical of the craft proceed, nor does our scholarship carry us quite the length of their Greek (!) terminology; but we acknowledge the result in their workmanship, although we cannot trace the steps by which it is brought about.

Very different is the plan now from what it was in the days of Shemus nan Snachad, James of the Needle, hereditary tailor to Vich Ian Vohr, when men were measured as classes rather than as individuals, and when a cutter had only to glance at the customer to ascertain to which category he belonged.

"You know the measure of a well-made man? Two double nails to the small of the leg!"—

"Eleven from haunch to heel, seven round the waist. I give your honor leave to hang Shemus, if there's a pair of shears in the Highlands that has a boulder sneek than her ain at the *camadh an truais* (shape of the trews)." And so the thing was done, without tape or figures, without a word, of Greek or anatomy! However, the anatomical tailors we shall not meddle with for the present, because we do not understand their science; nor with the Greek tailors, because we fear to take the liberty; nor with the Hebrew tailors, because we are only a Gentile ourselves. Our object is to draw attention to the doings of an individual who interferes with no science but his own, and who patronizes exclusively his mother-tongue, which is not Hebrew, but broad Scotch.

This individual is Mr. Macdonald, a near neighbor of ours, who, about eighteen years ago, listened with curiosity, but not with dread, to the clamorous pretensions of the craft to which he belonged. At that time, every man had a "new principle" of his own for the sneek of the shears, some theoretical mode of cutting, which was to make the coat fit like the skin. Our neighbor, who had a practical and mechanical, rather than a speculative head, resolved not to be behind in the race of competition, but to proceed in a different way. "It is all very well," thought he, "to talk of principles and theories; but with the requisite apparatus, the human figure may be measured as accurately as a block of stone;" and accordingly he set to work, not to invent a theory, but to construct a machine. This machine, though exhibited some time ago in the School of Arts, and received with great favor, we happened not to hear of till a few days ago; but a visit to our neighbor puts it now into our power to report that his apparatus does much more, as we shall presently explain, than measure a customer.

The machine consists of three perpendicular pieces of wood, the centre one between six and seven feet high, with a plinth for the measure to stand upon. The wood is marked from top to bottom with inches and parts of an inch, and is furnished with slides, fitting closely, but movable, at the pleasure of the operator. When the customer places himself upon this machine, standing at his full height, he has much the appearance of a man suffering the punishment of crucifixion, only his arms, instead of being extended, hang motion-



less by his sides, with the fingers pointed. A slide is now run up between the victim's legs, to give the measurement of what is technically called the fork; while others mark in like manner upon the inch scale, the position of the knees, hips, tips of the fingers, shoulder, neck, head, &c. When the operator is satisfied that he has thus obtained the accurate admeasurement of the figure, in its natural position when standing erect, the gentleman steps from the machine, and, turning round, sees an exact diagram, in wood, of his own proportions.

This instrument, it will be seen, is very well adapted for the object for which it was intended; but it would, nevertheless, have escaped our inspection but for the other purposes of observation to which it has been applied by the ingenious inventor. He has measured in all about 5000 adults, registering in a book the measurement of each, with the names written by themselves. Among the autographs, we find that of Sir David Wilkie in the neighborhood of the names of half a dozen American Indians. Here would be a new branch of inquiry for those who are addicted to the study of character through the handwriting. With such abundant materials before them, they would doubtless be able to determine the height and general proportions of their unseen correspondents. In the article of height, many men correspond to the minutest portion of an inch; but in the other proportions of the figure, it would seem that no two human beings are alike. So great is the disparity in persons of the same height, that the trunk of an individual of five feet and a half is occasionally found to be as long as that of a man of six feet. In fact, Mr. Macdonald, in an early period of his measurements, was so confounded by the difference in the proportions, that he at once came to the conclusion that our population is made up of mixed tribes of mankind.

In the midst of all this diversity, the question was, What were the proper proportions? or, in other words, What proportions constituted a handsome figure? and here our vestiarian philosopher was for a long time at a loss. At length, however, he took 300 measurements, without selection, including the length of the trunk, of the head and neck, and of the fork, and, adding them all together, struck the average; from which it resulted that the average head and neck gives  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches; trunk, 25 inches; and fork, 32 inches; making the whole figure, from the crown of the head to the sole of the shoe, 5 feet  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The word we have italicized is the drawback; a tailor measures with the shoes on; and Mr. Macdonald can only approximate to the truth when he deducts half an inch for the sole, and declares the average height of our population to be five feet seven inches. On this basis, however, he constructed a scale of beauty applying to all heights: If a man of 5 feet 7 inches give  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches for head and neck, 25 for trunk, and  $31\frac{1}{2}$  for fork, what should another give, of 6 feet or any other height? The approximation of a man's actual measurement to this rule of three determines his pretensions in the way of symmetry; and the inventor of the *shibboleth* has found it so far to answer, that a figure coming near the rule invariably pleases the eye, and gives the assurance of a handsome man. Independently of this advantage, a man of such proportions has great strength, and is able to withstand the fatigue of violent exercise for a longer period than one less symmetrically formed.

The term "adult," however, used by Mr. Macdonald to designate those he measured, is not satisfactory—it does not inform us that the persons measured had reached their full development; for men continue to grow, as has been shown by M. Quetelet, even after twenty-five. The height given, notwithstanding—five feet seven inches—in all probability approximates pretty closely to the true average; and the very different result shown in Professor Forbes' measurements in the University must be set pretty nearly out of the question. The number of Scotchmen measured by the professor was 523 in all; but these were of eleven different ages, from fifteen to twenty-five, all averaged separately: and supposing the number of each age to have been alike, this would give less than fifty of the age of twenty-five—the average height of whom was 69.3 inches. But, independently of the smallness of the number, the professor's customers were volunteers, and it is not to be supposed that under-sized persons would put themselves forward on such an occasion. It may be added, that even the height of the boot-heels of young collegians of twenty-five would tend to falsify the average.

Men do not only differ in their proportions from other men, but from themselves. The arms and legs may be paired, but they are not matched, and in every respect one side of the body is different from the other; the eyes are not set straight across the face, neither is the mouth; the nose is inclined to one side; the ears are of different sizes, and one is nearer the crown of the head than the other; there are not two fingers, nor two nails on the fingers, alike, and the same disagreement runs through the whole figure. This, however, is so common an observation, that we should not have thought it necessary to mention it, but for the bearing the facts given by our statist have upon the common theory by which the irregularity is sought to be accounted for. This declares, that use is the cause of the greater growth of one limb, &c.; that the right hand, for instance, is larger than the left, because it is in more active service. It appears, however, that although the limbs are in general smaller, this is not, as it is usually supposed, invariably the case; while the ears and eyes, that are used indiscriminately, present the same relative difference of size. We do not, therefore, make our own proportions in this respect; we come into the world with them, and our occupations merely exaggerate a natural defect. An idle man will have one arm half an inch longer than the other; while a woman, who has been accustomed in early years to carry a child, exhibits a difference amounting sometimes to an inch and a half.

When these facts were first mentioned to us, we looked with some curiosity at the machine from which we had just stepped out; and there we found an illustration of them not highly flattering to our self-esteem. Knees, hips, shoulders, ears, all were so ill-assorted, that it seemed as if Nature had been actually trying her 'prentice hand upon our peculiar self. It was in vain to bethink ourselves of the physical eccentricities of the distinguished men of other times:

Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high;  
Such Ovid's nose, and, sir, you have an eye!—

we might have gone through the whole inventory of the figure, and concluded the quotation:

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see  
All that disgraced my betters met in me.

Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,  
Just so immortal Maro held his head ;  
And when I die, be sure you let me know—  
Great Homer died three thousand years ago !

What we had seen, however, was only the length of the figure ; but we were informed by our philosophic tailor, that the limbs, &c., are likewise irregularly placed as regards breadth. The trunk of the body is of various shapes, which he distinguishes as the oval, the circular, and the flat. The first has the arms placed in the middle ; in the second, they are more towards the back, and relatively long ; and in the third, more towards the front, and relatively short. The length of the forearm should be the length of the lower part of the leg, and if either longer or shorter, the difference appears in the walk. If shorter, the walk is a kind of waddle, the elbows inclining outwards ; if longer, it is distinguished by a swinging motion, as if the person carried weights in his hands. If the circumference of the body, measured with an inch tape just below the shoulders, be smaller than the circumference of the hips, the person will rock in walking, and plant his feet heavily upon the ground. If greater, so that the chief weight is above the limbs, the step will be light, as is familiarly seen in corpulent men, whose delicate mode of walking we witness with ever-recurring surprise. If the shoulders slope downwards, with the spine bending inwards, the individual "cannot throw a stone, or handle firearms with dexterity." When inclined forwards, and well relieved from the body, he may be a proficient in these exercises. A peculiarity in walking is given by the size of the head and neck being out of proportion ; and an instance is mentioned of a man being discharged from the army, on account of his conformation rendering it impossible for him to keep his head steady.

All these are curious and suggestive particulars. It is customary to refer awkwardness of manner to bad habit, and such diseases as consumption either to imprudence or hereditary taint ; but it may be doubted whether taints are not mainly the result of original conformation. Habit and imprudence may doubtless aggravate the evil, just as exercise may enlarge a member of the body ; but it is nature which sows the seeds of decay in her own productions. Physically, the child is a copy of the parents, even to their peculiarities of gait ; and these peculiarities would seem to depend on the correct or incorrect balance of the members of the body. When the conformation is of a kind which interferes with the play of the lungs, the same transmission of course takes place, and consumption may be the fatal inheritance. If the arrangement of the parts were perfect, it may be doubted—for symmetry is the basis of health as well as beauty—whether we should ever hear of such a thing as "taint in the blood." If this theory were to gain ground, it would simplify much the practice of medicine ; for the disease would stand in visible and tangible presence before the eyes, and the employment of inventions, to counteract and finally conquer the eccentricities of nature, would be governed by science, and thus relieved from the suspicion of quackery, which at present more or less attaches to it. To pursue these speculations, however, would lead us too far ; and, before concluding, we must find room for a few more of our practical philosopher's observations.

All good mechanics, it seems, have large hands and thick and short fingers ; which is pretty nearly the conclusion arrived at by D'Arpentigny in *La*

*Chirognomonie*, although the captain adds, that the hands must be *en spatule*—that is to say, with the end of the fingers enlarged in the form of a spatula. The hand is generally the same breadth as the foot ; a fact recognized by the country people, who, when buying their shoes at fairs—which were the usual mart—might have been seen thrusting in their hand to try the breadth, when they had ascertained that the length was suitable. A short foot gives a mincing walk, while a long one requires the person to bring his body plumb with the foot before taking the step, which thus resembles a stride. Good dancers have the limbs short as compared with the body, which has thus the necessary power over them ; but if too short, there is a deficiency of dexterity in the management of the feet.

In conclusion, it will be seen, we think, that there is much to be learned even in the business of the shears. There is no trade whatever which will not afford materials for thought to an intelligent man, and thus enlarge the mind and elevate the character.

#### WISH.

ONE of those neat, quiet nooks  
That into a garden looks  
Give me for myself and books,  
And let it be

Where resounds the huntsman's horn,  
Where wave fields of golden corn,  
And the birds sing to the morn  
Right merrily !

Round the walls of my retreat,  
Pictured, let the poets meet,  
Whom to look upon is sweet,  
And fondly mark  
How, in each expressive face,  
(Tinged by joy or sorrow's grace,)  
We the mind immortal trace,  
That heavenly spark !

Charmed by fancy, taught by truth,  
Ye were dear to me in sooth  
In the green leaf of my youth !  
Now in the sear,  
Better known and understood,  
Ye are still more wise, more good,  
Solacers of my solitude !  
And doubly dear !

Ye have made (it else had been  
A troubled sojourn !) life serene,  
And strewn my path (not always green !)  
With fairest flow'rs,  
Immortal blossoms of the mind  
In beauty born, by taste refined,  
Garlands gloriously entwined,  
For lonely hours !

Freshened by the morning dews,  
Let a friend who loves the Muse  
His well-tempered wit infuse,  
And tell the time  
(Seated in my woodbine shade)  
When we two together strayed,  
Making vocal grove and glade  
With wizard rhyme !

And having struck the balance fair  
'Twixt what we are and what we were,  
And reckoned how much cross and care  
Our path beset,  
With what strength (not ours) we've striven,  
Can we hope to be forgiven  
What we humbly owe to Heaven  
If we forget ?

*Democritus in London.*

From the Spectator.

**FILIA DOLOROSA—MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF ANGOULEME.\***

MISFORTUNES are so common in the world, that to attract the general attention of mankind they require all the force that contrast can give them. "Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, from a high estate," is scarcely sufficient; the victim must fall from the highest. Those figures which stand out in history as memorable for misery have worn a crown—as Anne Boleyn, Mary Queen of Scots, Charles the First. The Greek poets selected their greatest chieftains to exhibit the woes which a persecuting destiny inflicts on mortals. Shakspeare took a king when he combined physical destitution with mental desolation to heighten tragic effect. Mere exposure and privation are too common to myriads to produce a dramatic emotion in themselves; they require the force of contrast to move the audience.

Of all the terrible reverses which history has preserved to touch the feelings or lower the pride of man, the downfall of the elder Bourbons appears the most terrible. Amidst the misfortunes of their royal predecessors in misery, a regard was generally paid to those formal observances so dear to the princely and indeed to the human mind. Trial by inferiors instead of peers, the prison, the scaffold, the executioner, are bitter realities; but they are rendered more bitter by contemptuous insult. From this, Anne Boleyn, Queen Mary, and, to a great extent, King Charles, were free. The Bourbon family were overwhelmed with degradation in every form—made, as Burke expresses it on one occasion, and that by no means the worst, to taste, drop by drop, more than the bitterness of death; yet their miseries do not seem to have touched the world to the same degree as those of lesser sufferers. We may be too near to take in the whole impression unencumbered by disturbing concomitants; the treachery of the queen, the weakness, and, perhaps more than the weakness, the awkwardness of the king, may harden the breast; perhaps the mind cannot help feeling the causes that produced the more degrading or revolting insults—the extortion and profligacy of the court; the licentious and exacting oppressions of the nobles; the neglect of every religious and educational duty by a clergy among the richest and most numerous in Europe. The ferocious Jacobins, who for three long years insulted the majesty of France, were wretches lower than the lowest savages; but who had allowed them to become what they were?—A query pregnant even yet with warning to other nations.

The royal children—the dauphin and his sister, afterwards Duchess of Angoulême, truly, though somewhat affectingly, termed by Mrs. Romer "*filia dolorosa*"—were altogether guiltless; nor is there anything sadder than their story, till death released the boy, and the girl was given up to Austria in exchange. Still, the depth of the reader's feeling is hardly equal to the depth of the tragedy; probably because the boy was too young to appreciate the greatness of the contrast, and the after life of the Duchess of Angoulême has not impressed the world with her amiable qualities. Somewhat impassive by nature, her sensibilities were seared by

early misfortune and the necessity of quiet endurance, or at least their development was prevented. The sadness produced in a mind from which youth and joy had been ruthlessly cut off, gave a shade of sternness to her manners; and the evil side of humanity, which was ever presented to her for seventy years, infused a distrust of mankind beyond her own immediate circle of emigrés, whose notions were less fitted for the living world than even her own. Religious she undoubtedly was; but her piety verged upon formal asceticism if not bigotry. With an allowance for the difference of age and nation, the Duchess of Angoulême has a close resemblance to Mary Tudor. There is little doubt that the English Mary would have borne persecution as firmly and submissively as Marie Thérèse Charlotte Capet; as little doubt, perhaps, that three centuries earlier, the female Bourbon, under the influence of a cruel and inexorable priesthood, would have persecuted as firmly as "Bloody Mary."

The Duchess of Angoulême was born in 1778, and died in 1851. The real interest of her life as a biography is confined to the time between 1789, when the threatenings of the Revolution caused uneasiness in the parents, which extended to the children, and 1795, when, after the terrors of early revolutionary violence, the execution of her parents and her aunt Elizabeth, and the sufferings of her own imprisonment, she was released from the Temple. As far as suffering went, perhaps the tragedy extends to her release from Austria; for, although she had personal comfort and material splendor at Vienna, she underwent more individual persecution to make her marry the Archduke Charles than she had received from the Jacobins of Paris; the friendly object of her imperial relations of the house of Hapsburg being nothing more nor less than the dismemberment of the French monarchy when it should be revived, under the pretence of claiming the dauphine's dower.

This paucity of biographical material has rendered these volumes as much a history of the personal misfortunes of the Bourbon family as a life of the Duchess of Angoulême. In the earlier part this was unavoidable; Madame Royale (her title at that period) chiefly suffered through the sufferings of others. At a later date, indeed, it was much the same; for she never can be said to have acted independently save at Bordeaux after Napoleon's return from Elba, when her gallant though useless efforts made the emperor exclaim that she was the only *man* of her family. The introduction of foreign matter, however, has been carried to too great a length, and with rather a book-making spirit. Not only is the narrative stopped for the lives of three impostors, pretending to be her brother, the dauphin, but for historical sketches of memorable buildings, &c., connected with her career.

The book is a joint composition. The fatal illness of the late Mrs. Romer compelled its completion by another hand, and Dr. Doran was selected for the task. This has caused little incongruity either of method or manner; unless it be that the doctor has a more manly style, and rather more philosophy. The book, however, is not remarkable in this respect; it is deficient in criticism and thought. A skilful selection has been made of the ample materials relating to the misfortunes of the royal Bourbons, and the narrative is frequently told in the style if not in the words of the origi-

\* *Filia Dolorosa*. Memoirs of Maria Thérèse Charlotte, Duchess of Angoulême, the last of the Dauphines. By Mrs. Romer, Author of "A Pilgrimage to the Temples and Tombs of Egypt," &c. In two volumes. Published by Bentley.

nals. Mrs. Romer's manner, from long residence abroad, was indeed eminently foreign, and Dr. Doran, if we are correct in our ascriptions, has a similar style. The book is readable, and generally interesting; but a closer life of the Duchess of Angoulême, a deeper and a juster view of the family misery, could be produced.

As an example of the narrative, and of the frequent necessity of blending the family fortunes together, their agony when they left the Tuileries to take refuge in the Assembly on the celebrated 10th of August, 1792, may be quoted.

As the Assembly was on the point of renewing the proceedings which had been interrupted by the arrival of the royal family, one of the members reminded the president that no discussion could be opened in the presence of the king. Louis readily obeyed the rule here signified, and rose as if about to depart from the body of the house; beyond it the royal family dared not go, nor dared any man suggest a retreat for them other than the imperfect one which was only a momentary resting-place between them and captivity. As a temporary asylum, a tribune or box in the gallery, called the "*Tribune du Logographe*," was assigned to them. The reporters who occupied it, without leaving their places, made what room they could for the king and his family. The box itself was not above ten feet square, and between it and the hall into which it looked there was a light iron grating. The sounds of violence from without made some of the members apprehensive that the king might be attacked by the populace from the passages behind the box; and the iron grating was at once removed, in order, in such case, to enable him to step into the hall, with the upper seats of which it was on a level, and there find refuge. There were no workmen at hand to effect the removal; but it was accomplished by the united efforts of several of the members and nobles in attendance upon the king, the monarch himself aiding to the utmost of his yet vigorous strength. Into this narrow and crowded receptacle the unhappy family were thrust, and they were not alone within the narrow limits of their improvised prison. The king sat in front, the queen more in the rear, and less visible. Madame Royale and the dauphin, sinking beneath the terrific heat and the cruel agitation consequent upon the events which succeeded, and by which they were stricken, so rapidly, were on a bench close to the queen. Further back, Madame Elizabeth, the Princesse de Lamballe, and Madame de Tourzel, found scanty room to sit. Behind them stood two of the king's ministers, and some eight or ten of the great officers of his household; and all these in a box less than a dozen feet square, with a close, crowded hall before them, the passages in the rear thronged with troops and officers, not a breath of air stirring, and a fierce August sun darting down its consuming rays upon all. At the door of the box stood some noblemen, partisans of the king; they were attired as National Guards, and they kept the post as sentinels.

Under such circumstances, deliberation with calm and dignity was hardly possible. The Assembly was agitated. The king was oppressed with the heat, and the princesses in a condition of utter exhaustion. The children, perhaps, afforded the most pitiable spectacle. They had been hastily aroused at dawn; they had participated in every event and peril of the day; they had lived a momentous life in experiencing the emotions of a few terrible hours; they were unrefreshed, without food, their young energies prostrated alike by hunger and affright. There was scarcely strength enough left in Madame Royale to whisper words of comfort to the hapless little sharers in the general misery; and there was not a heart in the vast assembly manly enough to propose that the chil-

dren at least should be spared the torture about to be inflicted, and that they should be withdrawn from a scene where, in addition to their own sufferings, they were compelled to witness the degradation and affliction of their parents. Each moment for these poor little ones had its peculiar agony. Within a few yards of them, the mob outside was exercising its popularly-sovereign right of murdering such victims as they could seize. The shrieks of those victims were incessant, and carried terror into the hearts of the princess and her brother, pity and anxiety into those of the other captives. Amid this terrible chorus the Assembly, split into groups, ere the general business was resumed, indulged in conversation according to the temper that there prevailed. Those near the box occupied by the mute and expectant prisoners, indulged themselves in words or actions both alluding to ends of fearful violence and revenge. The defenceless monarch and the queen heard and comprehended all. They continued silent, resigned, and, whatever they may have felt for the ordinances of man, submissive to the decrees of God, to whatever destiny they were thereby driven.

After a time refreshment was offered to them. The king accepted the offer, and partook with appetite and apparent enjoyment of what was presented to him. The Assembly looked on and smiled in scorn. A stout gentleman, not so overcome by sorrow as to have lost his appetite, and who can eat heartily while a hundred of his enemies are watching him with feelings of contempt, is certainly not a dignified spectacle. The queen felt the degradation and its consequences. They who had attached some idea of divinity to a king were not likely to continue to maintain so lofty a sentiment at witnessing the grosser material of the kingly nature. No persuasion could induce her to indulge any possible craving for food. Her lips only opened for speech—no food passed them. What she declined for herself, however, she accepted for her poor children. Some of the better-disposed members had approached the box, and offered in respectful and consoling terms little tributes of fruit; as the queen roused herself from the sorrow which seemed slaying her, and bent forward to accept these welcomed testimonies of pity, perhaps of love, tears and not speech thanked the donors. When she placed the offering in the hands of her children, these perceived that the fruit so presented to them was moist, not with refreshing dew, but with the hot tears wrung from the very soul of their suffering and heart-broken mother. The fruit was acceptable, however, to the young prisoners; and to the dauphin especially it seemed to lend new spirit and fresh courage. He crept to his father's side; but in place of comfort or protection he only there witnessed that father's degradation. Madame Royale continued silently weeping, and the heat dried the tears on her cheek. The dauphin questioned the king, in childish simplicity, upon the scene and the personages before them; and the monarch replied to his inquiries with calmness, real or affected. The composure was terribly shaken by repeated insults. David, the celebrated painter, passed the front of the box in which the royal family were shut up; and the king, recognizing the artist, inquired when he should have finished the portrait of Louis, which David had already commenced. The reply manifested as much cowardice as sanguinary cruelty. "I will never again," said the painter, in a loud voice, and with a ferocious look at the king and his family, "I will never again paint the likeness of a tyrant till I see his head rolling before me on the scaffold." This brutal outrage painfully affected all the wretched and helpless captives. The king held down his head in silence; the princesses, children, and ladies wept abundantly; but there was not a man present who cried *shame* at the wanton outrage inflicted on those who had not the power even of protesting against it.



From the Athenæum.

*Sixteen Months in the Danish Isles.* By ANDREW HAMILTON. 2 vols. Bentley.

It is long since we have read two volumes relating to "foreign parts" pleasanter than these:—not owing to any striking novelty in the matter which they contain—still less from any peculiar beauty of style—but principally because of the pleasant hospitalities which they commemorate. Viewed in this light—the tall, brave, and cordial gentlemen of Denmark may have occasion to rue the day when Mr. Bentley brought before the public Mr. Hamilton's tour. The author wished to study Danish in country lodgings; and applied to his friends in Copenhagen for aid in finding for him a suitable resting-place "for a consideration." This they professed themselves totally unable to give—but procured instead for the British traveller a round of entertainments in country houses belonging to total strangers—entertainments nearly as liberal and charming as that series of Scottish visits which filled so many pages in the "Pencilings" of Mr. N. P. Willis. What encouragement this is to tourists of the *Rickets* and *Falcon* tribe!—With a judicious husbanding of willingness to be received, a gentleman in difficulties or a lady with an empty purse might "eat the fat and drink the sweet" of Denmark with small immediate danger of wearing welcome out. Let the Danes look to it. After the sweets of burnt pig were once tasted, *Elia* is our witness that the houses in the neighborhood of *Ho-ti's* cottage were burnt down almost as often as the world wanted its dainty dish.

Before, however, Mr. Hamilton entered on the pleasures of country-house life in Denmark, he sojourned in Copenhagen long enough to be able to seize some of the most peculiar features of the Northern metropolis. The place described in the following passage is not much of "a lion,"—but it has still a picturesque character of its own:—

The next day, Monday, I was conducted to the University Library by Professor S., and introduced to the librarians. From Mr. Thorsen, the head librarian, I received the "freedom" of the library, and enjoyed the advantage ever after of having as many books as I liked. It is a valuable collection, though much inferior in size to the Royal. At the head of Kjöbmager Gade (Merchant Street) stands Trinity church, a huge building, remarkable for nothing but gaudy ornaments, and great cold in winter, as I experienced to my sorrow. The church you enter by the side; but in front rises an immense tower, known by the name of the Round Tower. To it, from the street, goes a very wide door, which always stands open; but you cannot get into the church this way, and an old woman, who sits within the door on one side with a large table of apples, oranges, sugar-plums, biscuits, tarts, &c., does not look very ecclesiastical. Entering and turning to the left, you meet with no stair, but immediately begin to ascend upon an inclined plane, which, to be sure, goes round and round, and round and round, ascending all the while, till, from the slits in the wall, you find yourself on a level with the second story of the houses opposite, next with the third, then with the roof, finally with the chimneys, and eventually above them all; you are walking up into the air on a wide and well-paved road that turns round and round, and seems to have no end. Here and there at different turns are niches, and in the niches are ancient monuments covered with cabalistic devices, which turn out to be Runic inscriptions, brought from all ends of the kingdom, and put here for preservation. By-and-

by, you come to a door in the wall on the left hand; the half of it is open, but reveals nothing within save darkness. If you have courage to plunge into this murky gulf and grope your way forwards, you will, perhaps, find a glass-door on your right again, through which one ray of light struggles, and, opening this, lo! a chamber with some very human looking individuals in it. And this is the University library! Here, at the end of this long pull, on the top of the *Trinitatis* church, and soaring above all the metropolis, is the fountain of Danish learning! You march through interminable galleries, between bookcases, and remember that far beneath you are the pulpit, and altar, and organ, and all other instruments of public worship. \* \* \* The spiral causeway sweeps past the gloomy entrance I spoke of, as wide and fatiguing and seemingly interminable as ever. Eventually you do come to the top, where there is a handsome observatory, once the home of Tycho Brahe. The view of Copenhagen and its environs from the summit of the Round Tower is thought the best in town, and on that account it is open one day in the week for an hour, when processions may be seen painfully toiling up this *Via dolorosa*, more gay and gayly dressed, however, than pilgrims on Pilate's stair. Peter the Great once drove a coach and four to the top, whither I think lighter-built *fiacres* might be permitted to convey the infirm, who else cannot enjoy the view.

The statuary of Thorwaldsen in our Lady's Church is of course described. With regard to art, however—and, we may add, to literature—Mr. Hamilton belongs to the class of observers who give us more words than ideas—and who command small power over individual and characteristic epithet. This manner of expressing admiration without discriminative appreciation will hardly pass in the present day. Though Mr. Hamilton professes to have taken note of public amusements, we do not hear a word concerning music in Denmark—whether retrospectively concerning Weyse, who in his day was a celebrity, and who is still not overlooked when the art in the North is the theme—or throwing light on the recent movements of Herr Gade, who—having been invited to Leipzig by Dr. Mendelssohn in consequence of his high musical promise—left Germany for his own country on patriotic motives when the Schleswig-Holstein war broke out, and has since been little heard of. Mr. Hamilton's sketches, again, of Danish literary characters are slight and vaporous. Far more earnest and substantial is his account of the life out of doors of the Danish gentlemen and ladies. With them, to be under the trees in fine weather seems very nearly as much of a passion as it is with Mr. Borrow's friends, the gypsies:—

It is quite a serious duty to go to Deerpark, and that right often; otherwise one would be at a loss to account for the number of vehicles that are set out for hire all of a sudden as soon as summer begins. Omnibuses run from several parts of the city, and many times a day; and, if the weather be fine, they are never empty. Inside the eastern gate is a long stand of cabs or flies, or whatever one may be pleased to call vehicles capable of holding a dozen or more people; and outside the gate is a perfect city of such conveyances. It is naturally not the custom for a solitary excursionist to hire such a machine all to himself; the plan is for a driver to wait until he has a sufficient complement of passengers, which does not take up much time on a fine afternoon, and then start, charging each a very moderate fare. All along the road, from Copenhagen to Deerpark, it looks like company driving to a ball; and coming back in the evening, in the contrary direction, the vehicles follow

close on each other's heels all the six miles. \* \* \* Besides, the steamers from Copenhagen to Elsinore set down at Deerpark thrice a day in each direction, and they frequently carry hundreds at a time. I profess to admire extremely this habit of forest pilgrimage. It forms an integral part of Danish character, and so far is a unique trait. I know of no other nation who have the same simple love of the woods, and admiration of fine trees as such. Most continental chief towns have their neighboring woods, parks, and gardens, where the inhabitants proceed in summer to drink tea and amuse themselves. Stockholm, for instance, has also its glorious deerpark (Djurgården), combining all manner of scenery, forest, hilly, and cultivated; but I do not think the Stockholmers enjoy it as much for its own sake as the Danes do theirs; the former go to dance, hear music, see theatricals, &c., neglecting the beauty of the place itself; but the latter seem to have a thorough love of nature and nature alone. The tea-booths are forsaken as soon as creature-wants are supplied, and people let themselves loose amid the trees. And this is a passion quite as strong among those who spend all their lives in the country, as among town-folk, as I subsequently had delightful experience of. \* \* \* I remember once, with some friends in whose house I was staying, calling at a farm-house in an out-of-the-way region of Hanover, and when we took leave, I was charmed with the good wife bidding us come back some day, and she would have the kettle carried up to the forest on the hill behind the house, to drink afternoon coffee. It would have been long ere an English or Scottish farmer's wife would have fancied such a thing a treat, and even in Germany my friends thought it much *Bildung* for a peasant woman; but in Denmark I have witnessed enough of such humble recreation, and been glad that they found it a pleasure. It may give some idea of the universality of this passion when I mention that early summer is called in Copenhagen the "Deerpark time." It would be as great an omission in the eyes of Danish children were their parents to neglect or find it inconvenient to have them transported thither when the season came, as it would be an offence to Scottish young people, if the New Year's "currant bun" were not forthcoming, or to English if they got no plum-pudding on Christmas Day. The remembrance of those trips to the forests is a weighty item of blessedness in after-life. We find in the diaries and letters of celebrated men that they evermore ascribe the greater share of their youthful enjoyment to those excursions; nay, I doubt not that it has some share in the formation of the national character. Being continued through every period of life, men past their prime have a satisfactory feeling in returning there with their families; and ruminating on the time of their own childhood. We find it plays an important part in all the little tales and dramatic pieces that deal more particularly with every-day life. For many weeks when I met any one of my acquaintance in the street, the first question used to be, "Have you been in the woods yet?" This "Have you been in the woods?" corresponds perennially in Denmark to our everlasting interrogation of last summer, "Have you been at the Exhibition?"

We will not dwell on such hundred-times-told tales as the mournful history of Struensee, once again narrated—or the universal legend of Ogiær the Dane sitting patiently in his rock-chamber under ground, waiting till his country shall again want him;—but in preference we will take another from the sketches of household life which give to this book its especial pleasantness:—

One seldom sees thoroughly respectable-looking men-servants in Denmark; they are usually ill dressed; liveries are but indifferent. At the same

time, the apparel of many servant women, however fresh and clean, is curious to a stranger. All country-born girls retain their peasant costume in town—the bright stuff petticoats and jackets, with still brighter ribbons hanging in abundance from the sleeves, and the long, close, bonnet-shaped white caps, with silken crown and flying streamers of ribbon. Thus it is always possible to tell a country-extracted servant girl from a town-bred maiden, even were there no difference in the color and texture of their cheeks. The daughters of the island of Amak are in much request as handmaidens in Copenhagen; and they again are distinguishable even from rustic girls in general by the extra brilliancy of their dress. In addition to all the colors and alternations of red and white, and exuberance of ribbon glory, they are furnished with a deep border round the bottom of their gowns, similar in effect to a flounce. This border, which is about a foot in breadth (if that be a measure acknowledged by ladies), has usually a scarlet ground, and is embroidered with some amazing tropical plants in some other dazzling color. The effect is tremendous to a wish, making an appropriate finish to a prodigious commencement, with the clear, snowy stockings and club shoes, buckles and all, emerging from below.

And now, for a picture of one of the many country-houses in which our tourist prosecuted his studies of Danish literature, and enlarged his experiences of Danish hospitality:—

As all country residences in Denmark, of whatever size, have almost (with a very few exceptions) the same form, I may here give a short account of it. The house and offices are always close together; the former generally occupies one side of a court, and the latter the other three. In smaller "courts," particularly in parsonages and such like, all the buildings unite together, so that there is no division externally between the dwelling and out-houses. But in larger mansions the dwelling-house usually stands alone in its glory on one side, the offices approaching, however, to within a very few feet. The offices sometimes run round the three remaining sides without any break; at other times, as in the present instance, there is a gap at each of the four corners, at two of which are gates leading from the avenues; at the other two, and those two next the house, are gates taking into the gardens. The offices are generally pretty extensive, so that the vacant area or court (properly so called) is also of wide dimensions. It is almost always causewayed, and otherwise left free, and there are evermore a multitude of animals going about it, dogs, horses, cows, goats, barn-door fowls, turkeys, ducks, and a legion of geese, the noisiest of all. \* \* \* The principal rooms of the mansion are invariably to the back, and look out upon the pleasure grounds; hence it is only when one goes to the front door on purpose, or peeps through the windows of the hall, that one sees the court-yard with its multiform life and the industry of out-door servants. \* \* \* As the weather was favorable, it had been arranged that the whole party should go that evening to drink tea-water in a wood about an English mile from the house. I flatter myself, that, in addition to the general pleasure of the thing, this plan had been got up partly for the purpose of introducing the expected stranger at once to rural existence; I am vain enough to think so, because it would only be of a piece with the rest of the kindness. It turned out at all events a charming trip. A carriage was ordered to convey the infirm or indolent and the tea-things, while all who were young and strong walked. The road led through a series of avenues and plantations all the way, till it brought us to a deep, dense forest, forming the boundary of the estate on this side; and here, in the midst of its primeval darkness, on the

side of a steep acclivity, had been formed a small grotto with table and benches and fireplace, all in the open air. A servant had gone before to light the fire and tidy up a little; the wood was blazing merrily when we arrived, and the kettle soon after began to sing; and its dozing ditty sounded novel, but well in harmony with the everlasting breathings of the forest. We made no haste to sit down to tea, for there was plenty to be enjoyed beforehand. I was shown the remains of an ancient castle in a field outside the forest—a castle of great antiquity, but which had continued to stand, until, if I remember aright, it was destroyed during the Swedish war. It also lay in the property, and I surmised there might have been some interesting discoveries made about its ruins, had any one chosen to take the trouble. At the moment, corn was waving all about and above the scene of former knightly revellings.

A word more on the manner of living in these Paradises of somewhat slovenly comfort:—

As I mentioned, tea or breakfast was on the table in summer at six. All over the continent, at least among the Gothic nations, it is usual to take a very slight first breakfast, but to make up for it by a substantial second one, or luncheon, as we should denominate it. In Germany, coffee is the invariable beverage with which they begin the day, but in Denmark it is as invariably tea, with which they merely eat a bit of bread-and-butter or biscuit. To the second meal, or luncheon, many of the Germans, at least about Hamburg and that region, drink a cup of tea to help down their solids; the Danes, again, coffee. In both countries chocolate is occasionally met with. Where I now was, the hour for luncheon was ten, when a large supply of good things was served up—every kind of cold meat and preserved meat, game, chicken, fish, &c. "Thick milk" is a good deal used at this meal in summer; that is, milk which has stood till it has grown sour and thick; it is eaten with sugar and crumbled bread, and is much made use of by all classes at various meals. It is very cooling in hot weather. The principal kind of bread is rye-bread, which, by this time, I had learned to be very fond of. It is quite black in color, and sour in taste. The Danes assert it is not to be met with anywhere but in Denmark; but I am a living witness to the contrary, for I have, most assuredly, seen the self-same thing in some districts of Southern Germany, although certainly the usual rye-bread one meets with in Germany is quite different. The Danes weary for it very much when they are in foreign countries, at which I do not wonder. I do not know the peculiarities of their method of preparing it, but I got so fond of it in time as to eat it "for eating sake." It is generally much better in the country than in town. It is a pleasure to see a cottager's child carrying home a whole armful of the large black loaves, that contain the promise of eating and being full. Dinner here was served at two (the day of my arrival it had been delayed). After dinner came coffee, and the two together might occupy about two hours. Tea, always a substantial meal, followed about six or seven, and the final refreshment before ten.

A pic-nic on a solitary Danish island is pleasantly described;—from which we take merely a single incident—as artists use the word:—

By-and-by we came to the only thing that could be regarded as the chief town of Baagö—a hamlet of a few houses, some of which did not seem to answer any end but that of eking out the size of the place. This marked the vicinity of the church, an edifice we desired to inspect before quitting. It turned out to be a very ancient building—about six hundred years—showing that Baagö, even at that early period, had constituted a parish, and must have been tolerably

inhabited. Before entering the churchyard, my attention was called to an arrangement at the gate, viz., a grating below the gate itself, over which it was needful to pass. Below the grating was a pit, or hole in the ground, about two feet in depth. The bars were thin pieces of iron, strong enough to bear the weight of a man, if he stepped upon them of a Sunday. The spaces between were about three inches each way. The design of the entire apparatus was to prevent animals from desecrating the churchyard with their unhallowed feet. \* \* \* We found the interior of the church itself exceedingly antique in fashion and coloring, and more contracted than I should have gathered from the outside, or expected from the population of Baagö. It was the perfection of an old Catholic church, with many quaint devices not remarkable for beauty. The wood had grown almost black, yet I scarcely think it dated from the foundation of the building. The pulpit was low and narrow. The altar occupied an unreasonable space in the small building, and was old and quaint and painful, like all the rest. Yet its ornaments were not neglected, or in bad preservation; all was clean and well attended to. A modern altar-piece had been put up in recent times, but I entirely forget its subject or execution. The former one I did not forget so easily. It had not been banished the edifice when discarded at the altar, but had been removed to the other end of the church, and placed against the western wall, under the gallery, where it now hung neglected by everybody. It was one of those old, thoroughly Catholic pieces of sculpture, a Virgin and Child, both grievously cut out in timber, according to the art of the Middle Ages, and appallingly painted and gilded. Aught more terrific it was not easy to fancy. This was the regular altar-piece, but there were also doors, or shutters, or what ecclesiastics may be pleased to call them, according to the regular custom in former times for defending the principal piece. These shutters remained closed during the week, but were thrown open for divine service, disclosing the main altar-piece in all its splendor, as well as some more or less elaborate designs on the inside of the shutters themselves; thus making a very broad front. In this case, the figures on the shutters were some characters of holy writ, also wooden *bassi rilievi* were surrounded by angels and cherubs.

The ideas which might have been naturally suggested by finding so near a kinsman of the Spanish *retablo* close to the North Sea hardly seem to have occurred to our tourist;—who shows himself, indeed, throughout superficial rather than profound—with his animal spirits in better play than his reasoning powers. To sum up—though these pleasant volumes can in no respect perform the functions of a guide to Denmark, they may, as has been already said, tempt many persons to go thither in quest of fine wood-scenery and hospitable household entertainment.

From the Spectator.

#### HANNA'S LIFE OF CHALMERS.\*

THE characteristic of the third volume of Dr. Chalmers' biography is continued in the fourth and last. The subjects relate rather to the public career than the private life of the great Scottish preacher; in fact, the bulk of the volume is a history of the causes which led to the separation of Chalmers and his followers from the Ecclesiastical

\* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D. D., LL. D.* By his Son-in-law, the Reverend William Hanna, LL. D. Volume IV. Published by Constable and Co., Edinburgh; Hamilton and Adams, London. Reprinted by Harper and Brothers.

Establishment of Scotland, and the foundation of the Free Church. It is of course onesided to this extent: the views are those of the seceding party, and the man Chalmers is as conspicuous as the events, and much more conspicuous than the other actors. The narrative, however, will be very interesting to those who take an interest in the subject, from the completeness of the story, and the fulness with which the personal characteristics of Chalmers as an ecclesiastic and party leader are displayed. Perhaps, indeed, the disruption may be found the great event of his life for posterity; it certainly exhibited the energy of his character and the readiness with which he threw himself into any new pursuit. He had divided life into seven decades, corresponding with the days of the week; and the last decade of the threescore years and ten he had called the Sabbath, and intended to devote it to rest. He had turned sixty when the dispute began; and immediately threw himself into it, if not with all the physical activity, yet with all the mental energy of a young man, besides displaying a foresight and a power of organization which a young man would scarcely possess. That he did not contemplate separation, or like it when it came, is true; but as soon as he saw the inevitable tendency of events, he warily prepared for the inevitable result, so that the seceders at last were not taken by surprise or without means of instantaneous action. It is possible that Chalmers was not so much a moving spirit as he seemed to be; but there can be little doubt that the weight of his authority influenced many to withdraw who might otherwise have remained—no doubt that the popularity of his name and the effect of his eloquence gave an éclat to the Secession which it would otherwise have wanted, and procured pecuniary assistance, without which the Free Church would have fallen to a mere schism.

The subjects of this volume, not directly or indirectly connected with the great Church movement, are few and not important. The lectures on Church Establishments, delivered at the Hanover Square Rooms, when the Tories invited Dr. Chalmers to London to counteract the supposed tendencies of the Melbourne Ministry, fall into this period, 1836-1847. There are also a further discussion of the system of enforced poor-laws, an attempt to carry religion and education into the neglected districts of Edinburgh, and some matters connected with universities. The more private topics embrace a tour to France, and several home-trips, including visits to London in connexion with his lectures on the non-intrusion and Free Church question. These give rise to descriptions, sketches, and anecdotes from his own pen in letters or journals, but scarcely, we think, so racy or striking as similar things in the previous volumes, when the world was newer and perhaps more attractive to the observer.

Among the exceptions to this remark, the following is one of the most curious. The poet truly sings—

That hallowed form is ne'er forgot  
Which first love traced;  
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
On memory's waste.

But surely it seldom appears so vividly as in the case of the great Presbyterian orator, an old married man of sixty-five. In the spring of 1845, Dr. Chalmers paid a visit to the scenes of his youth,

and hunted up all the old acquaintances that were living.

But the most interesting visit of all was to Barnsmuir, a place a few miles from Anstruther, on the way to Crail. In his schoolboy days it had been occupied by Captain R—, whose eldest daughter rode in daily on a little pony to the school at Anstruther. Dr. Chalmers was then a boy of from twelve to fourteen years of age, but he was not too young for an attachment of a singularly tenacious hold. Miss R— was married (I believe while he was yet at college) to Mr. F—, and his opportunities of seeing her in after life were few; but that early impression never faded from his heart. At the time of his visit to Anstruther, in 1845, she had been dead for many years; but, at Dr. Chalmers' particular request, her younger sister met him at Barnsmuir. Having made the most affectionate inquiries about Mrs. F— and her family, he inquired particularly about her death; receiving with deep emotion the intelligence that she had died in the full Christian hope, and that some of his own letters to her sister had served to soothe and comfort her latest hours. "Mrs. W—," said he, eagerly, "is there a portrait of your sister anywhere in this house?" She took him to a room and pointed to a profile which hung upon the wall. He planted himself before it, gazed on it with intense earnestness, took down the picture, took out his card, and, by two wafers, fixed it firmly on the back of the portrait, exactly opposite to the face. Having replaced the likeness, he stood before it and burst into a flood of tears, accompanied by the warmest expressions of attachment. After leaving the house, he sauntered in silence round the garden, buried in old recollections, heaving a sigh occasionally, and muttering to himself, "More than forty years ago!" It is not often that a boyish feeling survives so long, and still less frequent that after such a life of variety and occupation as his had been, it should break out so freshly and strongly.

The death of Dr. Chalmers was so sudden, and the particulars were so fully stated at the time, that Dr. Hanna could add nothing to the closing scene. As he approaches it, he gives an interesting account of the habits of his father-in-law.

It may gratify a natural curiosity should we follow Dr. Chalmers through the different engagements of a day at Morningside, and furnish some details of his personal habits and mode of domestic life. Whatever variety the day exhibited, it had one fixed essential feature. The motto "*nulla dies sine linea*" never met with a more rigorous fulfilment. The period allotted to what he called "severe composition" had never (if we except his first winter at St. Andrews) exceeded two or three hours at a time, and in ordinary circumstances there was seldom more than one sitting daily at such work. The tension of the mind during the effort was extreme, but it was never so long continued as to induce fatigue or exhaustion. During the last six or seven years of his life, his daily modicum of original composition was completed before breakfast, written in short-hand, and all done in bed. The preparatory ruminating or excoagitating process was slow, but it was complete. He often gave it as the reason why he did not and could not take part in the ordinary debates of the General Assembly, that he had not the faculty, which some men seemed to him to possess, of thinking extempore; nor could he be so sure of any judgment as to have comfort in bringing it before the public till he had leisurely weighed and measured it. He was vehement often in his mode of expression; but no hasty judgment was ever penned or publicly spoken by him. "I have often fancied," he once said to me, "that in one respect I resemble Rousseau, who says of himself that his processes of thought were



slow but ardent," a curious and rare combination. In proportion, however, to the slowness with which his conclusions were reached, was the firmness with which they were riveted. He has been charged with inconsistencies; but (putting aside the alteration in his religious sentiments) I am not aware of any one opinion, formally expressed or published by him, which he ever changed or retracted. This slow and deliberate habit of thinking gave him a great advantage when the act of composition came to be performed. He never had the double task to do, at once of thinking what he should say, and how he should say it. The one was over before the other commenced. He never began to write till, in its subjects and the order and proportions of its parts, the map or outline of the future composition was laid down; and this was done so distinctly, and, as it were, authoritatively, that it was seldom violated. When engaged, therefore, in writing, his whole undivided strength was given to the best and most powerful expression of preestablished ideas. So far before him did he see, and so methodically did he proceed, that he could calculate for weeks and months beforehand the rate of his progress, and the day when each separate composition would be finished.

The same taste for numerical arrangement was exhibited in the most insignificant actions and habits of his life. It regulated every part of his toilet—down even to the daily stropping of his razor. Beginning with his minimum, which was two strokes, he added one stroke more each day successively, till he got up to a number fixed on as his maximum, on reaching which he reversed the process, diminishing the number of his strokes by one each day, till the lowest point was touched; and so, by what he would have called a series of oscillations between his maximum and his minimum, this matter of the stropping undeviatingly progressed. It would be tedious, perhaps trifling, to tell how a like order was punctually observed in other parts of his toilet. He did almost everything by numbers. His staff was put down to the ground regularly at each fourth footfall; and the number of its descents gave him a pretty accurate measure of the space over which he walked. Habit had rendered the counting of these descents an easy, indeed almost a mechanical, operation; so that, though meeting friends and sustaining an animated conversation, it still went on. \* \* \*

"I find," he says, "that successful exertion is a powerful means of exhilaration, which discharges itself in good-humor upon others." His own morning compositions seldom failed in this effect, as he came forth from them beaming and buoyant, with a step springing as that of childhood, and a spirit overflowing with benignity. If his grandson or any of the younger members of his family were alone in the breakfast-room, a broad and hearty "Hurro! hurro!" ringing through the hall, announced his coming, and carried to them his morning greeting. As his invariable mode of dealing with introductions was to invite the introduced to breakfast, very interesting groups often gathered round his breakfast-table. In the general conversation of promiscuous society Dr. Chalmers did not excel. There are minor acts of governing, such as those needed for the management of a House of Commons or the conduct of a General Assembly, in which he was utterly defective; and there are minor graces of conversation, required for its easy guidance through varied and fluctuating channels, which his absorption with his own topics, and the massive abruptness of his movements, made it difficult, perhaps impossible, for him to practise. But at his breakfast-table, with half-a-dozen strangers or foreigners around him, his conversation was in the highest degree rich and attractive. Opportunities naturally occurred, or were willingly made, for him to "expatiate" upon some passing public topic, or upon some of his own favorite themes, and he was never seen nor heard to greater advantage. His power of

pathy expression (remarkably exhibited in his occasional employment of vernacular Scotch) and of pictorial narrative, his concentrated and intense moral earnestness, his sense of humor, his boundless benignity, the pure, transparent, and guileless simplicity of his character, received many of their happiest illustrations at such times.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE TEA-COUNTRIES OF CHINA.

ABOUT four years ago, Mr. Fortune, author of *Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China*, was deputed by the East India Company to proceed to China for the purpose of obtaining the finest varieties of the tea-plant, as well as native manufacturers and implements, for the government tea-plantations in the Himalaya. Being acquainted with the Chinese language, and adopting the Chinese costume, he penetrated into districts unvisited before by Europeans—excepting, perhaps, the Catholic missionaries—exciting no further curiosity, as to his person or pedigree, than what was due to a stranger from one of the provinces beyond the great wall. His principal journeys were to Sung-lo, the great green-tea district, and to Bohea Mountains, the great black-tea district; besides a flying visit to Kingtang, or Silver Island, in the Chusan archipelago. The narrative, which he has since published,\* manifests a good faculty for observation; but, travelling as privately as possible, he saw little but the exterior aspects of the country, the appearance of which he describes very graphically. As a botanist he had a keen eye for everything which promised to enlarge our knowledge of the Chinese flora, and discovered many useful and ornamental trees and shrubs, some of which, such as the funeral cypress, will one day produce a striking and beautiful effect in our English landscape, and in our cemeteries. Of social and political information relative to the Celestial Empire, the book is quite barren; and we do not know that there is anything in it which will be so acceptable to the reader, as fresh and reliable information about his favorite beverage. To this, therefore, our attention will be confined.

The plant in cultivation about Canton, from which the Canton teas are made, is known to botanists as the *Thea bohea*; while the more northern variety, found in the green-tea country, has been called *Thea viridis*. The first appears to have been named upon the supposition, that all the black teas of the Bohea Mountains were obtained from this species; and the second was called *viridis*, because it furnished the green teas of commerce. These names seem to have misled the public; and hence many persons, until a few years ago, firmly believed that black tea could be made only from *Thea bohea*, and green tea only from *Thea viridis*. In his *Wanderings in China*, published in 1840, Mr. Fortune had stated that both teas could be made from either plant, and that the difference in their appearance depended upon manipulation, and upon that only. But the objection was made, that although he had been in many of the tea districts near the coast, he had not seen those greater ones inland which furnish the teas of commerce. Since that time, however, he has visited them, without seeing reason to alter his statements. The two kinds of tea, indeed, are rarely made in the same district; but this is a matter of conven-

\* *A Journey to the Tea-Countries of China*. By Robert Fortune. 1852.

ience. Districts which formerly were famous for black teas, now produce nothing but green. At Canton, green and black teas are made from the *Thea bohea* at the pleasure of the manufacturer, and according to demand. When the plants arrive from the farms fresh and cool, they dry of a bright green color; but if they are delayed in their transit, or remain in a confined state for too long a period, they become heated, from a species of spontaneous fermentation; and when loosened and spread open, emit vapors, and are sensibly warm to the hand. When such plants are dried, the whole of the green color is found to have been destroyed, and a red-brown, and sometimes a blackish-brown result is obtained. "I had also noticed," says Mr. Warrington, in a paper read by him before the Chemical Society, "that a clear infusion of such leaves, evaporated carefully to dryness, was not all undissolved by water, but left a quantity of brown oxidized extractive matter, to which the denomination *apothem* has been applied by some chemists; a similar result is obtained by the evaporation of an infusion of black tea. The same action takes place by the exposure of the infusions of many vegetable substances to the oxidizing influence of the atmosphere; they become darkened on the surface, and this gradually spreads through the solution, and, on evaporation, the same oxidized extractive matter will remain insoluble in water. Again, I had found that the green teas, when wetted and redried, with exposure to the air, were nearly as dark in color as the ordinary black teas. From these observations, therefore, I was induced to believe that the peculiar characters and chemical differences which distinguish black tea from green were to be attributed to a species of heating or fermentation, accompanied with oxidation by exposure to the air, and not to its being submitted to a higher temperature in the process of drying, as had been generally concluded. My opinion was partly confirmed by ascertaining from parties conversant with the Chinese manufacture, that the leaves for the black teas were always allowed to remain exposed to the air in mass for some time before they were roasted."

This explanation by Mr. Warrington, from scientific data, is confirmed by Mr. Fortune from personal observation, and fully accounts, not only for the difference in color between the two teas, but also for the effect produced on some constitutions by green tea, such as nervous irritability, sleeplessness, &c.; and Mr. Fortune truly remarks, that what Mr. Warrington observed in the laboratory of Apothecaries' Hall, may be seen by every one who has a tree or bush in his garden. Mark the leaves which are blown from trees in early autumn; they are brown, or perhaps of a dullish green when they fall, but when they have been exposed for some time in their detached state to air and moisture, they become as black as our blackest teas. Without detailing the whole process in the manufacture of either kind of tea, it may be stated in reference to green tea, 1st, That the leaves are roasted almost immediately after they are gathered; and, 2d, That they are dried off quickly after the rolling process. In reference to black tea, on the other hand, it may be observed, 1st, That after being gathered, the leaves are exposed for a considerable time; 2d, That they are tossed about until they become soft and flaccid, and are then left in heaps; 3d, That after being roasted for a few minutes and rolled, they are exposed for some hours to the air in a soft and

moist state; and, 4th, That they are at last dried slowly over charcoal fires. After all, then, genuine green tea is, as might reasonably be conjectured, an article less artificial than black. There is, at the same time, too much foundation for the suspicion, that the green teas, so much patronized in Europe and America, are not so innocently manufactured. Mr. Fortune witnessed the process of coloring them in the Hung-chow green tea country, and describes the process. The substance used is a powder consisting of four parts of gypsum and three parts of Prussian blue, which was applied to the teas during the last process of roasting.

"During this part of the operation," he says, "the hands of the workmen were quite blue. I could not help thinking, that if any green tea drinkers had been present during the operation, their taste would have been corrected, and, I may be allowed to add, improved. One day, an English gentleman in Shanghai, being in conversation with some Chinese from the green tea country, asked them what reasons they had for dyeing the tea, and whether it would not be better without undergoing this process. They acknowledged that tea was much better when prepared without having any such ingredients mixed with it, and that they never drank dyed teas themselves; but justly remarked, that as foreigners seemed to prefer having a mixture of Prussian blue and gypsum with their tea, to make it look uniform and pretty, and as these ingredients were cheap enough, the Chinese had no objection to supply them, especially as such teas always fetched a higher price!" The quantity of coloring matter used is rather more than an ounce to 14½ lbs. of tea; so that in every 100 lbs. of colored green tea consumed in England or America, the consumer actually drinks nearly half a pound of Prussian blue and gypsum! Samples of these ingredients, procured from the Chinamen in the factory, were sent last year to the Great Exhibition.

In the black tea districts, as in the green, large quantities of young plants are yearly raised from seeds. These seeds are gathered in the month of October, and kept mixed up with sand and earth during the winter months. In this manner they are kept fresh until spring, when they are sown thickly in some corner of the farm, from which they are afterwards transplanted. When about a year old, they are from nine inches to a foot in height, and ready for transplanting. This is always done at the change of the monsoon in spring, when fine warm showers are of frequent occurrence. The most favorable situations are on the slopes of the hills, as affording good drainage, which is of the utmost importance; and which, on the plains, is attained by having the land above the water-courses. Other things being equal, a moderately rich soil is preferred. They are planted in rows about four feet apart (in poor soils, much closer), and have a very hedge-like appearance when full grown. A plantation of tea, when seen at a distance, looks like a little shrubbery of evergreens. As the traveller threads his way amongst the rocky scenery of Woo-e-shan, he is continually coming upon these plantations, which are dotted upon the sides of all the hills. The leaves are of a rich dark-green, and afford a pleasing contrast to the strange, and often barren scenery which is everywhere around. The young plantations are generally allowed to grow unmolested for two or three years, till they are strong and healthy; and

even then, great care is exercised not to exhaust the plants by plucking them too bare. But, with every care, they ultimately become stunted and unhealthy, and are never profitable when they are old; hence, in the best-managed tea-districts, the natives yearly remove old plantations, and supply their places with fresh ones. About ten or twelve years is the average duration allowed to the plants. The tea-farms are in general small, and their produce is brought to market in the following manner: A tea-merchant from Tsong-ganor Tsin-tsun, goes himself, or sends his agents, to all the small towns, villages, and temples in the district, to purchase teas from the priests and small farmers. When the teas so purchased are taken to his house, they are mixed together, of course keeping the different qualities as much apart as possible. By this means, a chop (or parcel) of 600 chests is made; and all the tea of this chop is of the same description or class. The large merchant in whose hands it is now, has to refine it, and pack it for the foreign market. When the chests are packed, the name of the chop is written upon each, or ought to be; but it is not unusual to leave them unmarked till they reach the port of exportation, when the name most in repute is, if possible, put upon them. When the chop is purchased in the tea-district, a number of coolies are engaged to carry the chests on their shoulders, either to their ultimate destination, or to the nearest river. The time occupied in the entire transport by land and river, from the Bohea country to Canton, is about six weeks or two months. The expenses of transit, of course, vary with localities, and other circumstances; but, in general, those expenses are so very moderate, that the middlemen realize large profits, while the small farmers and manipulators are subjected to a grinding process, which keeps them in comparative poverty.

Of late years, some attempts have been made to cultivate the tea-shrub in America and Australia; but the result will not equal the expectation entertained by the projectors of the scheme. The tea-plant will grow wherever the climate and soil are suitable; but labor is so much cheaper in China than in either of those countries, that successful competition is impossible. The Chinese laborers do not receive more than twopence or threepence a day. The difference, therefore, in the cost of labor will afford ample protection to the Chinese against all rivals whose circumstances in this respect are not similar to their own.

India, however, is as favorably situated in all respects for tea-cultivation as China itself, and its introduction, therefore, into that country is a matter of equal interest and importance. In procuring the additional seeds, implements, and workmen, Mr. Fortune succeeded beyond his expectations. Tea-seeds retain their vitality for a very short period, if they are out of the ground; and after trying various plans for transporting them to their destination, he adopted the method of sowing them in Ward's cases soon after they were gathered, which had the effect of preserving them in full life. The same plan will answer as effectually in preserving other kinds of seeds intended for transportation, and in which so much disappointment is generally experienced. In due time all the cases arrived at their destination in perfect safety, and were handed over to Dr. Jameson, the superintendent of the botanical gardens in the north-west provinces, and of the government tea-

plantations. When opened, the tea-plants were found to be in a very healthy state. No fewer than 12,838 plants were counted, and many more were germinating. Notwithstanding their long voyage from the north of China, and the frequent transshipment and changes by the way, they seemed as green and vigorous as if they had been growing all the while on the Chinese hills.

In these days, when tea is no longer a luxury, but a necessary of life in England and her colonies, its production on Indian soil is worthy of persevering effort. To the natives of India themselves it would be of the greatest value. The poor *paharie*, or hill-peasant, has scarcely the common necessities of life, and certainly none of its luxuries. The common sorts of grain which his lands produce will scarcely pay the carriage to the nearest market-town, far less yield such a profit as to enable him to procure any articles of commerce. A common blanket has to serve him for his covering by day and for his bed at night, while his dwelling-house is a mere mud hut, capable of affording but little shelter from the inclemency of the weather. If part of these lands produced tea, he would then have a healthy beverage to drink, besides a commodity which would be of great value in the market. Being of small bulk, and extremely light in proportion to its value, the expense of carriage would be trifling, and he would have the means of making himself and his family more comfortable and more happy. In China, tea is one of the necessities of life, in the strictest sense of the word. A Chinese never drinks cold water, which he abhors, and considers unhealthy. Tea is his favorite beverage from morning to night—not what we call tea, mixed with milk and sugar—but the essence of the herb itself drawn out in pure water. Those acquainted with the habits of the people can scarcely conceive of their existence, were they deprived of the tea-plant; and there can be no doubt that its extensive use adds much to their health and comfort. The people of India are not unlike the Chinese in many of their habits. The poor of both countries eat sparingly of animal food; rice, and other grains and vegetables, form the staple articles on which they live. This being the case, it is not at all unlikely that the Indian will soon acquire a habit which is so universal in China. But in order to enable him to drink tea, it must be produced at a cheap rate, not at 4s. or 6s. a pound, but at 4d. or 6d.; and this can be done, but only on his own hills. The accomplishment of this would be an immense boon for the government to confer upon the people, and might ultimately work a constitutional change in their character and temperament—ridging them of their proverbial indolence, and endowing them with that activity of body and mind which renders the Chinese so un-Asiatic in their habits and employments.

That our readers may, if they choose, have "tea as in China," we quote a recipe from a Chinese author, which may be of service to them. "Whenever the tea is to be infused for use," says Tung-po, "take water from a running stream, and boil it over a lively fire. It is an old custom to use running water boiled over a lively fire; that from springs in the hills is said to be the best, and river-water the next, while well-water is the worst. A lively fire is a clear and bright charcoal fire. When making an infusion, do not boil the water too hastily, as first it begins to sparkle like crabs' eyes, then somewhat like fishes eyes, and, lastly,

it boils up like pears innumerable, springing and waving about. This is the way to boil the water." The same author gives the names of six different kinds of tea, all of which are in high repute. As their names are rather flowery they may be quoted for the reader's amusement. They are these: the "first spring tea," the "white dew," the "coral dew," the "dewy shoots," the "money shoots," and the "rivulet garden tea." "Tea," says he, "is of a cooling nature, and, if drunk too freely, will produce exhaustion and lassitude. Country people, before drinking it, add ginger and salt, to counteract this cooling property. It is an exceedingly useful plant; cultivate it, and the benefit will be widely spread; drink it, and the animal spirits will be lively and clear. The chief rulers, dukes, and nobility, esteem it; the lower people, the poor and beggarly, will not be destitute of it; all use it daily, and like it." Another author upon tea says, that "drinking it tends to clear away all impurities, drives off drowsiness, removes or prevents headache, and it is universally in high esteem."

From Punch.

### RACY THOUGHTS

OF A YOUNG MAN ON COMING HOME FROM ASCOT, WET THROUGH, AND HAVING LOST ALL HIS MONEY.

THE reason why racing is generally called "The Turf," must be owing to the fact of so many *green blades* being found upon it; and I'm sadly afraid I've been one of them to-day.

If the jockeys were weighed previous to the race according to their moral, instead of their physical, weight, it is to be feared that there are exceedingly few who would n't be found wanting.

A person can lose his money very quickly on the Stock Exchange, or by managing a theatre, or by throwing it down a mine, or by burying it under a lot of houses; but it's a serious question if racing will not get through his fortune much quicker in the long run.

The man who stakes his fortune upon the four feet of a horse, must n't feel surprised if, in the running, his fortune becomes forfeited also.

In gambling there is no gratitude. Let one man beggar another, either at cards, or at billiards, or on the turf, or at pitch-and-toss—I don't care what the method of beggary may have been; but do you think he feels in the least grateful to the man whose money he has won?

Racing is only another kind of dice-throwing, with this difference, that you throw with horses instead of dice, and with this disadvantage, that the horses have jockeys, and the dice none. The game is very simple, and a very pretty one to look at. You put the twenty horses all together—rattle them well—and when they come tumbling out, running at their full speed over the green course, I defy you to tell which number will turn up the winner. It is all over in one minute, and it is doubtful at which of the two games a person can lose most at a single throw.

The man who believes in his luck at racing is doomed to be a penniless man, let him be as rich as all the Rothschilden of Israel put together!

Confound it! The best part of the race, after all, is the champagne and the eating and drinking. If you are betting, you cannot enjoy your "grub." You are thinking of the stakes, and how much you may have to fork out—instead of being intent, as you should be, upon forking out the stakes which are at the bottom of the pigeon-pie. What a fool I was to stick to any other!

There is no fool so illiterate but who imagines he can go upon the turf, and "make a book!"

The thimblorig-men, I maintain, are an injured set of beings. They were suppressed, whilst the members of the betting-ring were left untouched. Compare the two together, and I doubt if there would be found a pea to choose between them.

I have lost my money, am discontented, miserable, and wet to the skin. I cannot imagine a more pitiable being than I am at the present moment, and yet such is the infatuation of racing, that I really believe if there were men and big sign-posts stationed at every step to bawl out as loud as they could, "You must n't go upon the Turf!"—that still, still I should be rushing upon it again to-morrow, in spite of all their injunctions, and in spite of my own experience that I was sure to be punished for it!

### RUINED HALLS.

DESERTED are the Courts of Common Law,  
Westminster, in thy venerable Hall;  
The County Courts away all business draw,  
And *Nisi Prius* totters to its fall.

O'er benches, formerly where, thick as thieves,  
Mustered an ample bar, the Judge presides,  
Lone as an owl, amid the ivy-leaves  
On some forsaken ruin, that abides.

Or should the Judges number two or three,  
They sit in unregarded grandeur big,  
No gaping multitude has come to see;  
Below there's but a solitary wig.

That wig is asked if it has aught to move;  
It answers with a shake—and not "My Lud;"  
No fine harangue succeeding, meant to prove  
That black, in fact, is white, as clear as mud.

Those walls with quirk and cavil now resound,  
Or cross-examination's curious roar,  
Designed some timid witness to confound,  
With humbug, and with sophistry—no more;

Save rarely, when high damages are laid,  
Such as for broken hearts young ladies seek,  
Appeals to British juries being made,  
By tongues oftsoons inserted in the cheek.

The suitors all the County Courts have sought,  
These have the causes, and are like to keep,  
For they are shops where justice may be bought—  
As itself dictates that it should be—cheap.

Fall, *Nisi Prius*, ne'er to rise again,  
And perish those iniquities with thee—  
The laws of Doctor's Commons—and that den,  
That sty, that sink, the Court of Chancery!

### COCKERMOUTH TO THE VICAR OF FROME.

Come now then, Mr. Bennet, sir,  
Inform us what your tenets are,  
Decidedly auricular?  
Or are you not particular?

Hold you with Flagellation,  
And Transmogrification—  
Wholes equalled by their particles—  
Or the Nine-and-Thirty Articles?

Are chops on Fridays edible?  
And winking pictures credible?  
How about candle-burnings,  
Genuflexions, crossings, turnings?

Are you given to censer-swinging,  
And little hand-bells ringing?  
Or stolerly, or copery?  
Or any nasty Popery?



## PART V.

ON hearing his step she raised her head, and advancing towards the middle of the garden, took his arm, and led him towards the summer-house in which Connor and she had first acknowledged their love. She gazed wistfully upon it after they entered, and wrung her hands, but still shed no tear.

"Una," said her brother, "you had something to say to me; what is it, darling?"

She glanced timidly at him, and blushed.

"You won't be angry with me, John," she replied; "would it be proper for me to—to go?"

"What! to be present at the trial! Dear Una, you cannot think of it. It would neither be proper nor prudent, and you surely would not be considered indelicate! Besides, even were it not so, your strength is unequal to it. No, no, Una dear; dismiss it from your thoughts."

"I fear I could not stand it indeed, John, even if it were proper; but I know not what to do; there is a weight like death upon my heart. If I could shed a tear it would relieve me; but I cannot."

"It is probably better you should feel so, Una, than to entertain hopes upon the matter that may be disappointed. It is always wisest to prepare for the worst, in order to avoid the shock that may come upon us, and which always falls heaviest when it comes contrary to our expectations."

"I do not at all feel well," she replied, "and I have been thinking of the best way to break this day's tidings to me, when you come home. If he's cleared, say, good-humoredly, 'Una, all's lost;' and if—if not, oh, desire me—say to me, 'Una, you had better go to bed, and let your mother go with you;' that will be enough; I will go to bed, and if ever I rise from it again, it will not be from a love of life."

The brother, seeing that conversation on the subject of her grief only caused her to feel more deeply, deemed it better to terminate than to continue a dialogue which only aggravated her sufferings.

"I trust and hope, dear Una," he said, "that you will observe my father's advice, and make at least a worthy effort to support yourself, under what certainly is a heavy affliction to you, in a manner becoming your own character. For his sake—for my mother's, and for mine, too, endeavor to have courage; be firm—and, Una, if you take my advice, you'll pray to God to strengthen you; for, after all, there is no support in the moment of distress and sorrow, like his."

"I will take your advice," she replied; "but is it not strange, John, that such heavy misfortune should fall upon two persons so young, and who deserve it so little?"

"It may be a trial sent for your advantage and his; who can say but it may yet end for the good of you both! At present, indeed, there is no probability of its ending favorably, and, even should it not, we are bound to bear with patience such dispensations as the Great Being, to whom we owe our existence, and of whose ways we know so little, may think right to lay upon us. Now, God bless you, and support you, dear, till I see you again. I must go; don't you hear the jangling-car driving up to the gate; be firm—dear Una—be firm, and good-by!"

Never was a day spent under the influence of a more terrible suspense than that which drank up the strength of this sinking girl during the trial

of her lover. Actuated by a burning and restless sense of distraction, she passed from place to place with that mechanical step which marks those who seek for comfort in vain. She retired to her apartment and strove to pray; but the effort was fruitless; the confusion of her mind rendered connexion and continuity of thought and language impossible. At one moment she repaired to the scenes where they had met, and again with a hot and aching brain, left them with a shudder that arose from a withering conception of the loss of him whose image, by their association, was at once rendered more distinct and more beloved. Her poor mother frequently endeavored to console her, but became too much affected herself to proceed. Nor were the servants less anxious to remove the heavy load of sorrow which weighed down her young spirit to the earth. Her brief, but affecting reply was the same to each.

"Nothing can comfort me; my heart is breaking; oh, leave me—leave me to the sorrow that's upon me."

Deep, indeed, was the distress felt on her account, even by the females of her father's house, who, that day, shed many bitter tears on witnessing the mute but feverish agony of her sufferings. As evening approached she became evidently more distracted and depressed; her head, she said, felt hot, and her temples occasionally throbbed with considerable violence. The alternations of color on her cheek were more frequent than before, and their pallid and carmine hues were more alarmingly contrasted. Her weeping mother took the stricken one to her bosom, and, after kissing her burning and passive lips, pressed her temples with a hope that this might give her relief.

"Why don't you cry, *anien machree*? (daughter of my heart.) Thy and shed tears; it'll take away this burning pain that's in your poor head; oh, thy and let down the tears, and you'll see how it'll relieve you."

"Mother, I can't," she replied; "I can shed no tear; I wish they were home, for the worst could n't be worse than this."

"No, ashore, it could n't—it can't; hush!—do you hear it? There they are; that's the car; ay, indeed, it's at the gate."

They both listened for a moment, and the voices of her father and brother were distinctly heard giving some necessary orders to the servant.

"Mother, mother," exclaimed Una, pressing her hands upon her heart, "my heart is bursting, and my temples—my temples!"

"Chierna yeelish," said the mother, feeling its strong and rapid palpitations, "you can't stand this. Oh, darling of my heart, for the sake of your own life, and of the living God, be firm!"

At this moment their knock at the hall-door occasioned her to leap with a sudden start, almost out of her mother's arms. But, all at once, the tumult of that heart ceased, and the vermilion of her cheek changed to the hue of death. With a composure probably more the result of weakness than fortitude, she clasped her hands, and giving a fixed gaze towards the parlor-door, that spoke the resignation of despair, she awaited the tidings of her lover's doom. They both entered, and, after a cautious glance about the room, immediately perceived the situation in which, reclining on her mother's bosom, she lay, ghastly as a corpse, before them.

"Una, dear," said John, approaching her, "I am afraid you are ill."

She riveted her eyes upon him, as if she would read his soul, but she could not utter a syllable.

The young man's countenance became overshadowed by a deep and mournful sense of the task he found himself compelled to perform; his voice faltered, and his limbs trembled, as, in a low tone of heartfelt and profound sympathy, he exclaimed,

"Una, dear, you had better go to bed, and let my mother stay with you."

Calmly she heard him, and, rising, she slowly but deliberately left the room, and proceeded up stairs with a degree of steadiness which surprised her mother. The only words she uttered on hearing this blighting communication, were, "Come with me, mother."

"Una, darling," said the latter when they had reached the bed-room, "why don't you spake to me? Let me hear your voice, jewel; only let me hear your voice."

Una stooped and affectionately kissed her, but made no reply for some minutes. She then began to undress, which she did in fits and starts; sometimes pausing, in evident abstraction, for a considerable time, and again resuming the task of preparing for bed.

"Mother," she at length said, "my heart is as cold as ice; but my brain is burning; feel my temples; how hot they are, and how they beat!"

"I do, alanna dheelish; your body, as well as your mind, is sick; but we'll send for the docthor, darlin', and you'll soon be better, I hope."

"I hope so; and then Connor and I can be married in spite of them. Don't they say, mother, that marriages are made in heaven?"

"They do, darlin'."

"Well, then, I will meet him there. Oh, my head—my head! I cannot bear—bear this racking pain."

Her mother, who, though an uneducated woman, was by no means deficient in sagacity, immediately perceived that her mind was beginning to exhibit symptoms of being unsettled. Having, therefore, immediately called one of the maid-servants, she gave her orders to stay with Una, who had now gone to bed, until she herself could again return to her. She instantly proceeded to the parlor, where her husband and son were, and, with a face pale from alarm, told them that she feared Una's mind was going.

"May the Almighty forbid!" exclaimed her father, laying down his knife and fork, for they had just sat down to dinner; "oh, what makes you say such a thing, Bridget? What on earth makes you think it?"

"For Heaven's sake, mother, tell us at once," inquired the son, rising from the table, and walking distractedly across the room.

"Why, she's beginning to rave about him," replied her mother; "she's aften saying that she'll be married to him in spite o' them."

"In spite o' who, Bridget?" asked the Bodagh, wiping his eyes—"in spite o' who does she mane?"

"Why, I suppose in spite of Flanagan and thim that found him guilty," replied his wife.

"Well, but what else did she say, mother?"

"She axed me if marriages warn't made in heaven; and I told her that the people said so; upon that she said she'd meet him there, and then she complained of her head. The twerth is, she has a heavy load of sickness on her back, and the sorra hour should be lost till we get a docthor."

"Yes, that is the truth, mother; I'll go this

moment for Dr. H——. There's nothing like taking these things in time. Poor Una! God knows this trial is a sore one upon a heart so faithful and affectionate as hers."

"John, had you not better ait something before you go?" said his father; "you want it aften the troublesome day you had."

"No, no," replied the son; "I cannot—I cannot; I will neither eat nor drink till I hear what the doctor will say about her. O, my God!" he exclaimed, whilst his eyes filled with tears, "and is it come to this with you, our darling Una?—I won't lose a moment till I return," he added, as he went out; "nor will I, under any circumstances, come without medical aid of some kind."

"Let these things be taken away, Bridget," said the Bodagh; "my appetite is gone, too; that last news is the worst of all. May the Lord of heaven keep our child's mind right! for, oh, Bridget, would n't death itself be far afore that?"

"I'm going up to her," replied his wife; "and may Jasus guard her, and spare her safe and sound to us; for what—what kind of a house would it be if she—but I can't think of it. Oh, wurrah, wurrah, this night!"

Until the return of their son, with the doctor, both O'Brien and his wife hung in a state of alarm bordering on agony over the bed of their beloved daughter. Indeed, the rapidity and vehemence with which incoherence, accompanied by severe illness, set in, were sufficient to excite the greatest alarm, and to justify their darkest apprehensions. Her skin was hot almost to burning; her temples throbbed terribly, and such were her fits of starting and raving, that they felt as if every minute were an hour, until the physician actually made his appearance. Long before this gentleman reached the house, the son had made him fully acquainted with what he looked upon as the immediate cause of her illness; not that the doctor himself had been altogether ignorant of it; for, indeed, there were few persons of any class or condition in the neighborhood to whom that circumstance was unknown.

On examining the diagnostics that presented themselves, he pronounced her complaint to be brain fever of the most formidable class, to wit, that which arises from extraordinary pressure upon the mind, and unusual excitement of the feelings. It was a relief to her family, however, to know that beyond the temporary mental aberrations, inseparable from the nature of her complaint, there was no evidence whatsoever of insanity. They felt grateful to God for this, and were consequently enabled to watch her sick-bed with more composure, and to look forward to her ultimate recovery with a hope less morbid and gloomy. In this state we are now compelled to leave them and her, and to beg the reader will accompany us to another house of sorrow, where the mourning was still more deep, and the spirits that were wounded driven into all the wild and dreary darkness of affliction.

Our readers cannot forget the helpless state of intoxication, in which Fardorougha left his unhappy son on the evening of the calamitous day that saw him doomed to an ignominious death. His neighbors, as we then said, having procured a car, assisted him home, and would, for his wife's and son's sake, have afforded him all the sympathy in their power; he was, however, so completely overcome with the spirits he had drank, and an unconscious latent feeling of the dreadful sentence

that had been pronounced upon his son, that he required little else at their hands than to keep him steady on the car. During the greater part of the journey home, his language was only a continuation of the incoherencies which Connor had, with such a humiliating sense of shame and sorrow, witnessed in his prison cell. A little before they arrived within sight of his house, his companions perceived that he had fallen asleep; but to a stranger, ignorant of the occurrences of the day, the car presented the appearance of a party returning from a wedding or from some other occasion equally festive and social. Most of them were the worse for liquor, and one of them in particular had reached a condition which may be too often witnessed in this country. I mean that in which the language becomes thick; the eye knowing but vacant; the face impudent but relaxed; the limbs tottering, and the voice inveterately disposed to melody. The general conversation, therefore, of those who accompanied the old man was, as is usual with persons so circumstanced, high and windy; but as far as could be supposed by those who heard them cheerful and amicable. Over the loudness of their dialogue might be heard, from time to time, at a great distance, the song of the drunken melodist just alluded to, rising into those desperate tones which borrow their drowsy energy from intoxication alone. Such was the character of those who accompanied the miser home; and such were the indications conveyed to the ears or eyes of those who either saw or heard them, as they approached Fardorough's dwelling, where the unsleeping heart of the mother watched—and oh! with what a dry and burning anguish of expectation, let our readers judge—for the life or death of the only child that God had ever vouchsafed to that loving heart on which to rest all its tenderest hopes and affections.

The manner in which Honor O'Donovan spent that day was marked by an earnest and simple piety that would have excited high praise and admiration if witnessed in a person of rank or consideration in society. She was, as the reader may remember, too ill to be able to attend the trial of her son, or as she herself expressed it in Irish, to draw strength to her heart by one look at his manly face; by one glance from her boy's eye. She resolved, however, to draw consolation from a higher source, and to rest the burden of her sorrows, as far as in her lay, upon that being in whose hands are the issues of life and death; or if she descended from the elevation of true worship to supplicate the intercession of departed spirits, let us attribute this rather to the dogmas of her creed than the errors of her heart. From the moment her husband left the threshold of his childless house on that morning until his return, her prayers to God and the saints were truly incessant. And who is so well acquainted with the inscrutable ways of the Almighty, as to dare assert that the humble supplications of this pious and sorrowful mother were not heard and answered! Whether it was owing to the fervor of an imagination, wrought upon by the influence of a creed which nourishes religious enthusiasm in an extraordinary degree, or whether it was by direct support from that God who compassionated her affliction, let others determine; but certain it is, that in the course of that day she gained a calmness and resignation, joined to an increasing serenity of heart, such as she had not hoped to feel under a calamity so black and terrible.

On hearing the approach of the car which bore her husband home, and on listening to the noisy mirth of those, who, had they been sober, would have sincerely respected her grief, she put up an inward prayer of thanksgiving to God for what she supposed to be the happy event of Connor's acquittal. Stunning was the blow, however, and dreadful the revulsion of feeling, occasioned by the discovery of this sad mistake. When they reached the door she felt still further persuaded that all had ended as she wished, for to nothing else, except the wildness of unexpected joy, could she think of ascribing her husband's intoxication.

"We must carry Fardorough in," said one of them to the rest; "for the liquor has fairly overcome him—he's sound asleep."

"He is cleared!" exclaimed the mother; "he is cleared! My heart tells me he has come out without a stain. What else could make his father, that never tasted liquor for the last thirty years, be as he is!"

"Honor O'Donovan," said one of them, wringing her hand as he spoke, "this has been a black day to you all; you must prepare yourself for bad news."

"Thin Christ and his blessed mother support me, and support us all! But what is the worst! oh, what is the worst!"

"The *bharradh dhu*," replied the man, alluding to the black cap which the judge puts on when passing sentence of death.

"Well," said she, "may the name of the Lord that sent this upon us be praised forever! That's no reason why we should n't still put our trust and reliance in him. I will show them, by the help of God's grace, an' by the assistance of his blessed mother, who suffered herself—an' oh, what is my sufferin's to her's!—I will show them I say, that I can bear, as a Christian ought, whatever hard fate it may place the Saviour of the earth to lay upon us. I know my son is innocent, an' surely, although it's hard, hard to part with such a boy, yet it's a consolation to know that he'll be better wid God, who is takin' him, than ever he'd be wid us. So the Lord's will be done this night and forever! amen!"

This noble display of glowing piety and fortitude was not lost upon those who witnessed it. After uttering these simple but exalted sentiments, she crossed herself devoutly, as is the custom, and bowed her head with such a vivid sense of God's presence, that it seemed as if she actually stood, as no doubt she did, under the shadow of his power. These men, knowing the force of her love to that son, and the consequent depth of her misery at losing him by a death so shameful and violent, reverently took off their hats as she bent her head to express this obedience to the decrees of God, and in a subdued tone and manner exclaimed, almost with one voice—

"May God pity you, Honor! for who but yourself would or could act as you do this bitter, bitter night?"

"I'm only doin' what I ought to do," she replied; "what is religion good for if it does n't keep the heart right an' support us under trials like this; what 'ud it be then but a name? But how, oh how, came *his* father to be in such a state on this bitter, bitter night, as you say it is—an' oh! Heaven above sees it's that—how came *his* father, I say, into such a state?"

They then related the circumstance as it actually happened; and she appeared much relieved to hear that his inebriety was only accidental.

"I am glad," she said, "that he got it as he did; for, indeed, if he had made himself drunk this day, as too many like him do on such occasions, he never again would appear the same man in my eyes, nor would my heart ever more warm to him as it did. But thanks be to God that he did n't take it himself!"

She then heard, with a composure that could result only from fortitude and resignation united, a more detailed account of her son's trial, after which she added—

"As God is above me this night I find it asier to lose Connor than to forgive the man that destroyed him; but this is a bad state of heart, that I trust my Saviour will give me grace to overcome; an' I know he will if I ax it as I ought; at all evints, I won't lay my side on a bed this night until I pray to God to forgive Bartle Flanagan an' to turn his heart."

She then pressed them, with a heart as hospitable as it was pious, to partake of food, which they declined, from a natural reluctance to give trouble where the heart is known to be pressed down by the violence of domestic calamity. These are distinctions which our humble countrymen draw with a delicacy that may well shame those who move in a higher rank of life. Respect for unmerited affliction, and sympathy for the sorrows of the just and virtuous, are never withheld by the Irish peasant when allowed by those who can guide him either for good or for evil to follow the impulses of his own heart. The dignity, for instance, of Honor O'Donovan's bearing under a trial so overwhelming in its nature, and the piety with which she supported it, struck them, half tipsy as they were, so forcibly, that they became sobered down—some of them into a full perception of her firmness and high religious feelings; and those who were more affected by drink into a maudlin gravity of deportment still more honorable to the admirable principles of the woman who occasioned it.

One of the latter, for instance, named Bat Hanratty, exclaimed, after they had bade her good night, and expressed their unaffected sorrow for the severe loss she was about to sustain:

"Well, well, you may all talk; but be the powders o' delf, nothin' barrin' the downright grace o' God could sup—sup-port that dacent mother of ould Fardorougha—I mane of his son, poor Connor. But the truth is, you see, that there's nothin'—nothin' no, the devil saize the hap'o'rth at all, good, bad, or indifferent aquil to puttin' your trust in God; bekase, you see—Con Rouch, I say—bekase, you see, when a man does that as he ought to do it; for it's all faisthelagh if you go the wrong way about it; but Con—Condy, I say, you're a dacent man, an' it stands to raison—it does, boys—upon my soul it does. It was n't for nothin' that money was lost upon myself, when I was takin' in the edjigation; and maybe, if Connor O'Donovan, that is now goin' to suffer, poor fellow—

For the villain swore away my life, an' all by perjuree; And for that same I die wid shame upon the gallows tree.

So, as I was sayin', why did n't Connor come in an' join the boys like another, an' then we could settle Bartle for staggin' against him. For, you see, in regard o' that, Condy, it does n't signify a traneeen whether he put a match to the haggard or not; the thing is, you know, that even if he did, Bartle dare n't swear against him widout breakin' his

first oath to the boys; an' if he did it after that, an' brought any of them into throuble conthrairy to the articles, he gorra sure he'd be entitled to get a gusset opened undher one o' his ears, any how. But you see, Con, be the book—God pardon me for swearin'—but be the book, the mother has the thrue ralligion in her heart, or she'd never stand it the way she does, an' that proves what I was axpoundin'; that, after all, the sorra hap'o'rth aquil to the grace o' God. I can repate the *convhecture* in Latin myself, an' upon my sowl I find that after a hard day's fightin' or drinkin' it aises my mind all to pieces. Sure they say one bout of it in Latin is worth half a dozen rosaries; for, you see, the Latin bein' the mother tongue in heaven, that's what gives sich power entirely to prayers that's offered up in that langridge, an' what makes our clergy so powerful beyant all others."

He then sang a comic song, and, having passed an additional eulogium on the conduct of Honor O'Donovan, concluded by exhibiting some rather unequivocal symptoms of becoming pathetic from sheer sympathy; after which the soporific effect of his libations soon hushed him into a snore that acted as a base to the shrill tones in which his companions addressed one another from each side of the car.

Fardorougha, ever since the passion of avarice had established its accursed dominion in his heart, narrowed by degrees his domestic establishment, until, towards the latter years of his life, it consisted of only a laboring boy, as the term is, and a servant girl. Indeed, no miser ever was known to maintain a large household; and that for reasons too obvious to be detailed. Since Connor's incarceration, however, his father's heart had so far expanded, that he hired two men as inside servants, one of them, now the father of a large family, being the identical Nogher M'Cormick who, as the reader remembers, was in his service at the period of Connor's birth. The other was a young man named Thady Star, or Reillaghan, as it is called in Irish, who was engaged upon the recommendation of Biddy Nulty, then an established favorite with her master and mistress, in consequence of her faithful devotion to them and Connor, and her simple-hearted participation in their heavy trouble. The manner in which they received the result of her son's trial was not indeed calculated to sustain his mother. In the midst of the clamor, however, she was calm and composed; but it would have been evident, to a close observer, that a deep impression of religious duty alone sustained her, and that the yearnings of the mother's heart, though stilled by resignation to the Divine Will, were yet more intensely agonized by the suppression of what she secretly felt. Such, however, is the motive of those heroic acts of self-denial, which religion only can enable us to perform. It does not harden the heart, or prevent it from feeling the full force of the calamity or sorrow which comes upon us; no, but whilst we experience it in all the rigor of distress, it teaches us to reflect that suffering is our lot, and that it is our duty to receive these severe dispensations in such a manner as to prevent others from being corrupted by our impatience, or by our open want of submission to the decrees of Providence. When the agony of the Man of Sorrows was at its highest, he retired to a solitary place, and whilst every pore exuded water and blood, he still exclaimed—"Not my will, but thine be done." Here was resignation



indeed, but at the same time a heart exquisitely sensible of all it had to bear. And much, indeed, as yet lay before that of the pious mother of our unhappy hero, and severe was the trial which, on this very night, she was doomed to encounter.

When Fardorougha awoke, which he did not do until about three o'clock in the morning, he looked wildly about him, and, starting up in the bed, put his two hands on his temples, like a man distracted by acute pain; yet anxious to develop in his memory the proceedings of the foregoing day. The inmates, however, were startled from their sleep by a shriek, or rather a yell, so loud and unearthly that in a few minutes they stood collected about his bed. It would be impossible, indeed, to conceive, much less to describe, such a picture of utter horror as then presented itself to their observation. A look that resembled the turbid glare of insanity was riveted upon them whilst he uttered shriek after shriek, without the power of articulating a syllable. The room, too, was dim and gloomy; for the light of the candle that was left burning beside him had become ghastly for want of snuffing. There he sat—his fleshless hands pressed against his temples; his thin, gray hair standing out wildly from his head; his lips asunder; and his cheeks sucked in so far that the chasms occasioned in his jawbones, by the want of his back teeth, were plainly visible.

"Chiernah dheelish," exclaimed Honor, "what is this! as Heaven's above me, I believe he's dyin'; see how he gasps! Here, Fardorougha," she exclaimed, seizing a jug of water which had been left on a chair beside him, but which he evidently did not see, "here, here, darlin', wet your lips; the cool wather will refresh you."

He immediately clutched the jug with eager and trembling hands, and at one rapid draught, emptied it to the bottom.

"Now," he shouted, "I can spake, now I can spake. Where's my son? where's my son? an' what has happened me? how did I come here? was I mad? am I mad? but tell me, tell me first, where's Connor? Is it thrue? is it all thrue? or is it me that's mad?"

"Fardorougha, dear," said his wife, "be a man, or, rather, be a Christian. It was God gave Connor to us, and who has a better right to take him back from us! Don't be flyin' in His face, bekase he won't order everything as you wish. You have n't taken off of you to-night, so rise, dear, and calm yourself; then go to your knees, lift your heart to God, and beg of him to grant you strinth and patience. Thry that coorse, avourneen, an' you'll find it the best."

"How did I come home, I say! Oh, tell me, Honor, tell me, was I out o' my wits?"

"You fainted," she replied; "and thin they gave you whiskey to support you; an' not bein' accustomed to it, it got into your head."

"Oh, Honor, our son, our son!" he replied; then, starting out of the bed in a fit of the wildest despair, he clasped his hands together, and shrieked out, "Oh, our son, our son, our son Connor! Merciful Saviour, how will I name it! to be banged by the neck! Oh, Honor, Honor, don't you pity me! don't you pity me! Mother of Heaven, this night! That *barradh dhu*, that *barradh dhu* put on for our boy, our innocent boy; who can undherstand it, Honor? It's not justice; there's no justice in Heaven, or my son would n't be murdered, slaughtered down in the prime of his life, for no rason! But no matter; let him be taken; only

hear this: if he goes, I'll never bend my knee to a single prayer while I've life; for it's terrible, it's cruel, 'tis n't justice; nor do I care what becomes of me, either in this world or the other. All I want, Honor, is to folly him as soon as I can; my hopes, my happiness, my life, my everything, is gone wid him; an' what need I care, thin, what becomes of me! I don't, I don't."

The faces of the domestics grew pale as they heard, with silent horror, the incoherent blasphemies of the frantic miser; but his wife, whose eyes were riveted on him while he spoke, and paced, with a hurried step, up and down the room, felt at a loss whether to attribute his impiety to an attack of insanity, or to a temporary fever, brought on by his late sufferings and the intoxication of the preceding night.

"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Fardorougha," she said calmly, placing her hand upon his shoulder, "are you sinsible that you're this minute afther blasphemin' your Creator?"

He gave her a quick, disturbed, and peevish look, but made no reply. She then proceeded:

"Fardorougha, I thought the loss of Connor the greatest punishment that could be put upon me; but I find I was mistaken. I would rather see him dead to-morrow, wid, wid the rope about his neck, than to hear his father blasphemin' the livin' God! Fardorougha, it's clear that you're not now fit to pray for yourself, but, in the name of our Saviour, I'll go an' pray for you. In the mean time, go to bed; sleep will settle your head, and you will be better, I trust, in the mornin'."

The calm solemnity of her manner awed him, notwithstanding the vehemence of his grief. He stood and looked at her, with his hands tightly clasped, as she went to her son's bedroom, in order to pray for him. For a moment, he seemed abashed and stunned. While she addressed him, he involuntarily ceased to utter those sounds of anguish which were neither shrieks nor groans, but something between both. He then resumed his pace, but with a more settled step, and for some minutes maintained perfect silence.

"Get me," said he, at length, "get me a drink of wather; I'm in a flame wid drouth."

When Biddy Nulty went out to fetch him this, he inquired of the rest what Honor meant by charging him with blasphemy.

"Surely to God, I did n't blasphame," he said, peevishly; "no, no, I'm not that bad; but, any how, let her pray for me; her prayer will be heard, if ever woman's was."

When Biddy returned, he emptied the jug of water with the same trembling eagerness as before; then clasped his hands again, and commenced pacing the room, evidently in a mood of mind about to darken into all the wildness of his former grief.

"Fardorougha," said Nogher McCormick; "I was undher this roof the night your manly son was born. I remember it well; an' I remember more betoken, I had to check you for flyin' in the face o' God that sent him to you. Instead o' feelin' happy and delighted, as you ought to ha' done, an' as any other man but yourself would, you grew dark an' sulky, and grumbled bekase you thought there was a family comin'. I told you that night to take care an' not be committin' sin; an' you may remember, too, that I gav you chapter an' verse for it out o' Scripture: 'Voe be to the man that's born wid a millstone about his neck,

especially if he's to be cast into the say.' The truth is, Fardorougha, you warn't thankful to God for him; and you see that after all, it does n't do to go to loggerheads wid the Almighty. Maybe, had you been thankful for him, he would n't be where he is this night. Millstone! Faith, it was a home thrust that same verse; for if you did n't carry the millstone a'bout your neck, you had it in your heart; an' you now see and feel the upshot. I'm now goin' fast into age myself; my hair is grayer than your own, and I could take it to my death," said the honest fellow, while a tear or two ran slowly down his cheek; "that, exceptin' one o' my own childhre, an' may God spare them to me! I could n't feel more sorrow at the fate of any one livin', than at Connor's. Many a time I held him in these arms, an' many a little play I made for him; an' many a time he axed me why his father did n't nurse him as I did; 'bekase,' he used to say, 'I would rather he would nurse me than anybody else, barring my mother; and, after him, you, Nogher.'"

These last observations of his servant probed the heart of the old man to the quick; but the feeling which they excited was a healthy one; or, rather, the associations they occasioned threw Fardorougha's mind upon the memory of those affections, which avarice had suppressed, without destroying.

"I loved him, Nogher," said he, deeply agitated; "oh, none but God knows how I loved him, although I did n't an' could n't bring myself to show it at the time. There was something upon me; a curse, I think, that prevented me; an' now that I love him as a father ought to do, I will not have him. Oh, my son, my son, what will become of me, after you? Heavenly Father, pity me and support me! Oh, Connor, my son, my son, what will become of me?"

He then sat down on the bed, and, placing his hands upon his face, he wept long and bitterly. His grief now, however, was natural, for, during the most violent of his paroxysms in the preceding hour, he shed not a tear; yet now they ran down his cheeks, and through his fingers, in torrents.

"Cry on, cry on," said Nogher, wiping his own eyes; "it will lighten your heart; an' who knows but it's his mother's prayers that brought you to yourself, and got this relief for you. Go, Biddy," said he, in a whisper, to the servant-maid, "and tell the mistress to come here; she'll know best how to manage him, now that he's a little calm."

"God be praised!" ejaculated Honor, on seeing him weep; "these tears will cool your head, avourneen; an' now, Fardorougha, when you're tired cryin', if you take my advice, you'll go to your knees, an' offer up five pathers, five Aves, an' a creed, for the grace of the Almighty to direct and strengthen you; and thin, after that, go to bed, as I sed, an' you'll find how well you'll be afther a sound sleep."

"Honor," replied her husband, "avourneen machreen, I think you'll save your husband's soul yet, under her merciful Saviour."

"Your son, under the same merciful God, will do it. Your heart was hard and godless, Fardorougha, and, surely, if Connor's death'll be the manes of savin' his father's soul, would n't it be a blessin' instead of a misfortune? Think of it in that light, Fardorougha, and turn your heart to God. As for Connor, is n't it a comfort to know that the breath won't be out of his body till he's a bright angel in heaven?"

The old man wiped his eyes and knelt down, first having desired them to leave him. When the prayers were recited he called in Honor.

"I'm afraid," said he, "that my heart was n't properly in them, for I could n't prevent my mind from wanderin' to our boy."

This touching observation took the mother's affections by surprise. A tear started to her eye, but, after what was evidently a severe struggle, she suppressed it.

"It's not at once you can do it, Fardorougha; so don't be cast down. Now, go to bed in the name of God, and sleep; and may the Lord in heaven support you—and support us both! for oh, it's we that want it this night of sorrow!"

She then stooped down and affectionately kissed him, and, having wished him good-night, she retired to Connor's bed, where, ever since the day of his incarceration, this well-tried mother and enduring Christian slept.

At this stage of our story we will pause, for a moment, to consider the state of mind and comparative happiness of the few persons who are actors in our humble drama.

To a person capable of observing only human action, independently of the motives by which it is regulated, it may appear that the day which saw Connor O'Donovan consigned to a premature and shameful death, was one of unmingled happiness to Bartle Flanagan. They know little of man's heart, however, who could suppose this to be the case, or who could even imagine that he was happier than those on whom his revenge and perfidy had entailed such a crushing load of misery. It is, indeed, impossible to guess what the nature of that feeling must be which arises from the full gratification of mean and diabolic malignity. Every action of the heart at variance with virtue and truth is forced to keep up so many minute and fearful precautions, all of which are felt to be of vast moment at the time, that we question if ever the greatest glut of vengeance produced, no matter what the occasion may have been, any satisfaction capable of counterbalancing all the contingencies and apprehensions by which the mind is distracted both before and after its preparation. The plan and accomplishment must both be perfect in all their parts—for if either fail only in a single point, all is lost, and the pleasure arising from them resembles the fruit which is said to grow by the banks of the Dead Sea—it is beautiful and tempting to the eye, but bitterness and ashes to the taste.

The failing of the county treasurer, for instance, deprived Bartle Flanagan of more than one half his revenge. He was certainly far more anxious to punish the father than the son, and were it not that he saw no other mode of effecting his vengeance on Fardorougha, than by destroying the only object on earth that he loved next to his wealth, he would have never made the innocent pay the penalty of the guilty. As he had gone so far, however, self-preservation now made him anxious that Connor should die; as he knew his death would remove out of his way the only person in existence absolutely acquainted with his villany. One would think, indeed, that the sentence pronounced upon his victim ought to have satisfied him on that head. This, however, it failed to do. That sentence contained one clause, which utterly destroyed the completeness of his design, and filled his soul with a secret apprehension either of just retribution, or some future ill which he could not shake off, and for which the reward received for Connor's

apprehension was but an ineffectual antidote. The clause alluded to in the judge's charge, viz.—"the recommendation of the jury to the mercy of the crown, in consideration of your youth, and previous good conduct, shall not be overlooked"—sounded in his ears like some mysterious sentence that involved his own fate, and literally filled his heart with terror and dismay. Independently of all this his villainous projects had involved him in a systematic course of guilt, which was yet far from being brought to a close. In fact, he now found by experience how difficult it is to work out a bad action with success, and how the means, and plans, and instruments necessary to it must multiply and become so deep and complicated in guilt, that scarcely any single intellect, in the case of a person who can be reached by the laws, is equal to the task of executing a great crime against society, in a perfect manner. If this were so, discovery would be impossible, and revenge certain.

With respect to Connor himself it is only necessary to say that a short but well-spent life, and a heart naturally firm, deprived death of its greatest terrors. Still he felt it, in some depressed moods, a terrible thing indeed to reflect, that he, in the very fulness of strength and youth, should be cut down from among his fellows—a victim without a crime, and laid with shame in the grave of a felon. But he had witnessed neither his mother's piety nor her example in vain, and it was in the gloom of his dungeon that he felt the light of both upon his spirit.

"Surely," said he, "as I am to die, is it not better that I should die innocent than guilty? Instead of fretting that I suffer, a guiltless man, surely I ought to thank my God that I am so; and that my soul has n't to meet the sin of such a revengeful act as I'm now condemned for. I'll die, then, like a Christian man, putting my hope and trust in the mercy of my Redeemer—ever and always hoping that by his assistance I will be enabled to do it."

Different, indeed, were the moral state and position of these two young men; the one, though, lying in his prison cell, was sustained by the force of conscious innocence, and that reliance upon the mercy of God, which constitutes the highest order of piety, and the noblest basis of fortitude; the other, on the contrary, disturbed by the tumultuous and gloomy associations of guilt, and writhing under the conviction, that, although he had revenge, he had not satisfaction. The terror of crime was upon him, and he felt himself deprived of that best and only security, which sets all vain apprehensions at defiance, the consciousness of inward integrity. Who, after all, would barter an honest heart for the danger arising from secret villany, when such an apparently triumphant villain as Bartle Flanagan felt a deadly fear of Connor O'Donovan in his very dungeon? Such, however, is guilt, and such are the terrors that accompany it.

The circumstances which, in Ireland, usually follow the conviction of a criminal, are so similar to each other, that we feel it, even in this case, unnecessary to do more than give a mere sketch of Connor's brief life as a culprit. We have just observed that the only clause in the judge's charge which smote the heart of the traitor, Flanagan, with a presentiment of evil, was that containing the words in which something like a hope of having his sentence mitigated was held out to him, in consequence of the recommendation to mercy by

which the jury accompanied their verdict. It is very strange, on the other hand, that, at the present stage of our story, neither his father nor mother knew anything whatsoever of the judge having given expression to such a hope. The old man, distracted as he was at the time, heard nothing, or at least remembered nothing, but the awful appearance of the black cap, or, as they term it in the country, the *barradh dhu*, and the paralyzing words in which the sentence of death was pronounced upon his son. It consequently happened that the same clause in the charge actually, although in a different sense, occasioned the misery of Bartle Flanagan on the one hand, and of Connor's parents on the other.

The morning after the trial, Fardorougha was up as early as usual, but his grief was nearly as vehement and frantic as on the preceding night. It was observed, however—such is the power of sorrow to humanize and create sympathy in the heart—that, when he arose, instead of peevishly and weakly obtruding his grief and care upon those about him, as he was wont to do, he now kept aloof from the room in which Honor slept, from an apprehension of disturbing her repose—a fact which none who knew his previous selfishness would have believed, had he not himself expressed in strong terms a fear of awakening her. Nor did this new trait of his character escape the observation of his own servants, especially of his honest monitor, Nogher M'Cormick.

"Well, well," exclaimed this rustic philosopher; "see what God's affliction does. Faith, it has brought Fardorougha to feel a trifle for others, as well as for himself. Who knows, begad, but it may take the millstone out of his heart yet; and if it does, my word to you, he may thank his wife, undher God, for it."

Before leaving home that morning to see his son, he found with deep regret that Honor's illness had been so much increased by the events of the preceding day, that she could not leave her bed. And now, for the first time, a thought, loaded with double anguish, struck upon his heart.

"Saver of earth!" he exclaimed, "what would become of me if both should go and lave me alone! God of heaven, ALONE! Ay, ay," he continued, "I see it. I see how easily God might make my situation still worse than I thought it *could* be. Oh God, forgive me my sins; and may God soften my heart! Amen!"

He then went to see his wife ere he set out for his unhappy son; and it was with much satisfaction that Honor observed a changed and chastened tone in his manner, which she had never, except for a moment at the birth of his child, noticed before. Not that his grief was much lessened, but it was more rational, and altogether free from the violence and impiety which had characterized it when he awoke from his intoxication.

"Honor," said he, "how do you find yourself this mornin', alanna! They tell me you're worse than you war yestherda."

"Indeed, I'm wake enough," she replied, "and very much bate down, Fardorougha; but you know it's not our own stringth at any time that we're to depend upon, but God's. I'm not willing to attempt anything beyant my power at present. My seeing him now would do neither of us any good, and might do me a great dale o' harm. I must see him, to be sure, and I'll strive, please God, to gather up a little strength for that."

"My heart's breakin', Honor, and I'm begin-

nin' to see that I've acted a bad part to both of you all along. I feel it, indeed; and if it was the will of God, I did n't care if——"

"Whisht, acushla, whisht—such talk as that's not right. Think, Fardorougha, whether you acted a bad part towards God or not, and never heed us; an' think too, dear, whether you acted a bad or a good part towards the poor, an' them that was in distress and hardship, an' that came to you for relief; they were your fellow-crathers, Fardorougha, at all evints. Think of these things I'm saying, and never heed us. You know that Connor and I forgive you, but you are n't so sure whether God and them will."

These observations of this inestimable woman had the desired effect, which, was, as she afterwards said, to divert her husband's mind as much as possible from the contemplation of Connor's fate, and to fix it upon the consideration of those duties in which she knew his conscience, now touched by calamity, would tell him he had been deficient.

Fardorougha was silent for some time after her last observations—but at length he observed:

"Would it be possible, Honor, that all this was brought upon us in order to punish me for——"

"To punish you, Fardorougha! *Farceer gail avourneen*, aren't we all punished? look at my worn face, and think of what ten days' sorrow can do in a mother's heart—think, too, of the boy. Oh no, no—do you think we have nothin' to be punished for! But we have all one comfort, Fardorougha, and that is, that God's ever and always willin' to resave us, when we turn to him wid a true heart. Nobody, avillish, can forget and forgive as he does."

"Honor, why did n't you oftener spake to me this a-way than you did?"

"I often did, dear, an' you may remember it; but you were then strong; you had your wealth; everything flowed wid you, an' the same wealth—the world's temptation—was strong in your heart; but God has taken it from you I hope as a blessing—for, indeed, Fardorougha, I'm afear'd if you had it now, that neither he nor—but I won't say it, dear, for God he sees I don't wish to say one word that 'ud distress you now, avourneen. Any how, Fardorougha, never despair in God's goodness—never do it; who can tell what may happen!"

Her husband's grief was thus checked, and a train of serious reflection laid, which, like some of those self-evident convictions that fasten on the awakened conscience, the old man could not shake off.

Honor, in her further conversation with him, touching the coming interview with the unhappy culprit, desired him, above all things, to set "their noble boy" an example of firmness, and by no means to hold out to him any expectation of life.

"It would be worse than murder," she exclaimed, "to do so. No—prepare him by your advice, Fardorougha, ay, and by your example, to be firm—and tell him that his mother expects he will die like an innocent man—noble and brave—and not like a guilty coward, afear'd to look up and meet his God."

Infidels and hypocrites, so long as their career in vice is unchecked by calamity, will no doubt sneer when we assure them, that Fardorougha, after leaving his wife that morning once more to visit his son, felt a sense of relief, or, perhaps we

should say, a breaking of faint light upon his mind, which, slight as it was, afforded him more comfort and support than he ever hoped to experience. Indeed, it was almost impossible for any heart to exist within the influence of that piety which animated his admirable wife, and not catch the holy fire which there burned with such purity and brightness.

Ireland, however, abounds with such instances of female piety and fortitude, not, indeed, as they would be made to appear in the unfeminine violence of political turmoil, in which a truly pious female would not embroil herself; but in the quiet recesses of domestic life—in the hard struggles against poverty, and in those cruel visitations, where the godly mother is forced to see her innocent son corrupted by the dark influence of political crime, drawn within the vortex of secret confederacy, and subsequently yielding up his life to the outraged laws of that country which he assisted to distract. It is in scenes like these that the unostentatious magnanimity of the pious Irish wife or mother may be discovered; and it is here where, as the night and storms of life darken her path, the holy fortitude of her heart shines with a lustre proportioned to the depth of the gloom around her.

When Fardorougha reached the town in which his ill-fated son occupied the cell of a felon, he found to his surprise that, early as were his habits, there were others whose movements were still more early than his own. John O'Brien had come to town—been with his attorney—had got a memorial in behalf of Connor to the Irish government, engrossed, and actually signed by more than one half of the jury who tried him—all before the hour of ten o'clock. A copy of this document, which was written by O'Brien himself, now lies before us, with the names of all the jurors attached to it; and a more beautiful or affecting piece of composition we have never read. The energy and activity of O'Brien were certainly uncommon, and so, indeed, were his motives. As he himself told Fardorougha, whom he met as the latter entered the town—

"I would do what I have done for Connor, although I have never yet exchanged a syllable with him. Yet, I do assure you, Fardorougha, that I have other motives—which you shall never know—far stronger than any connected with the fate of your son. Now, don't misunderstand me."

"No," replied the helpless old man, who was ignorant of the condition of his sister, "I will not indeed—I'd be long sorry."

O'Brien saw that any rational explanation he might give would be only thrown away upon a man who seemed to be so utterly absorbed and stupefied by the force of his own sufferings.

"Poor old man!" he exclaimed, as Fardorougha left him, to visit Connor; "see what affliction does! There are thousands now who pity you—even you, whom almost every one who knew you, cursed and detested."

Such, indeed, was the fact. The old man's hardness of heart was forgotten in the pity that was produced by the dreadful fate which awaited his unhappy son. We must now pass briefly over occurrences which are better understood when left to the reader's imagination. John O'Brien was not the only one who interested himself in the fate of Connor. Fardorougha, as a matter of course, got the priest of the parish, a good and pious man, to



draw up a memorial in the name, as he said, of himself and his wife. The gentry of the neighborhood, also, including the members of the grand jury, addressed government on his behalf—for somehow there was created among those who knew the parties, or even who heard the history of their loves, a sympathy which resulted more from those generous impulses that intuitively perceive truth, than from the cooler calculations of reason. The heart never reasons—it is, therefore, the seat of feeling, and the fountain of mercy; the head does—and it is probably on that account the seat of justice, often of severity, and not unfrequently of cruelty and persecution. Connor himself was much relieved by that day's interview with his father. Even he could perceive a change for the better in the old man's deportment. Fardorough's praises of Honor, and his strong allusions to the support and affection he experienced at her hands, under circumstances so trying, were indeed well calculated to prepare her "noble boy," as she truly called him, for the reception of the still more noble message which she sent him.

"Father," said he, as they separated that day, "tell my mother that I will die as she wishes me; and tell her, too, that if I was n't an innocent man, I could not do it. And oh, father," he added, and he seized his hands, and fell upon his neck, "oh, father dear, if you love me, your own Connor—and I know you do—oh, then, father dear, I say again, be guided in this heavy affliction by my dear mother's advice."

"Connor," returned the old man deeply affected, "I will. I had made my mind up to that afore I saw you at all to-day. Connor, do you know what I'm beginning to think?"

"No, father dear, I do not."

"Why, then, it's this, that she'll be the manes of savin' your father's soul. Connor, I can look back now upon my money—all I lost—it was no doubt terrible—terrible all out. Connor, my rint is due, and I have n't the manes of meetin' it."

Alas! thought the boy, how hard is it to root altogether out of the heart that principle which inclines it to the love of wealth!

"At any rate, I will take your advice, Connor, and be guided by your mother. She's very poorly, or she'd be wid you afore now; but, indeed, Connor, her health is the occasion of it—it is—it is!"

Fardorough's apology for his wife contained much more truth than he himself was aware of at the time he made it. On returning home that night he found her considerably worse, but, as she had been generally healthy, he very naturally ascribed her illness to the affliction she felt for the fate of their son. In this, however, he was mistaken, as the original cause of it was unconnected with the heavy domestic dispensation which had fallen upon them. So far as she was concerned, the fate of her boy would have called up from her heart fresh energy, and if possible a higher order of meek but pious courage. She would not have left him unsustained and uncherished, had the physical powers of the mother been able to second the sacred principles with which she met and triumphed over the trial that was laid upon her.

It was one evening about ten days after O'Donovan's conviction that Bodagh Buie O'Brien's wife sat by the bed-side of her enfeebled and languishing daughter. The crisis of her complaint had passed the day before; and a very slight improvement, visible only to the eye of her physician, had taken place. Her delirium remained much as

before; sometimes returning with considerable violence, and again leaving reason, though feeble and easily disturbed, yet when unexcited by external causes, capable of applying its powers to the circumstances around her. On this occasion the mother, who watched every motion and anticipated every wish of the beloved one, saw that she turned her eye several times upon her as if some peculiar anxiety distressed her.

"Una, jewel," she at length inquired, "is there anything you want *colleen machree*; or anything I can do for you?"

"Come near me, mother," she replied, "come near me."

Her mother approached her still more nearly.

"I'm afraid," she said, in a very low voice, "I'm afraid to ask it."

"Only wait for a minute or two," said her mother, "an' John will—but here's the docthor's foot; they wor spakin' a word or two below; an' whisper, darlin' o' my heart, sure John has something to tell you—something that will—"

She looked with a searching anxiety into her mother's face; and it might have been perceived that the morning twilight of hope beamed faintly but beautifully upon her pale features. The expression that passed over them was indeed so light and transient that one could scarcely say she smiled; yet that a more perceptible serenity diffused its gentle irradiation over her languid countenance was observed even by her mother.

The doctor's report was favorable.

"She is slowly improving," he said, on reaching the parlor, "since yesterday; I am afraid, however, she's too weak at present to sustain this intelligence. I would recommend you to wait for a day or two, and in the mean time to assume a cheerful deportment, and break it to her rather by your looks and manner than by a direct or abrupt communication."

They promised to observe his directions; but when her mother informed them of the hint she herself threw out to her, they resolved to delay the matter no longer; and John, in consequence of what his mother had led her to expect, went to break the intelligence to her as well as he could. An expectation had been raised in her mind, and he judged properly enough that there was less danger in satisfying it than in leaving her just then in a state of such painful uncertainty.

"Dear Una," said he, "I am glad to hear the doctor say that you are better."

"I think I am a little," said she.

"What was my mother saying to you, just now, before the doctor was with you? But why do you look at me so keenly, Una?" said he cheerfully; "it's some time since you saw me in such a good-humor—is n't it?"

She paused for a moment herself; and her brother could observe that the hope which his manner was calculated to awaken, lit itself into a faint smile rather visible in her eyes than on her features.

"Why, I believe you are smiling yourself, Una."

"John," said she, earnestly, "is it good?"

"It is, darling—he won't die."

"Kiss me, kiss me," she said; "may eternal blessings rest upon you!"

She then kissed him affectionately, laid her head back upon the pillow, and John saw with delight that the large tears of happiness rolled in torrents down her pale cheeks.

It was indeed true that Connor O'Donovan was not to die. The memorials which had reached

government from so many quarters, backed as they were by very powerful influence, and detailing as they did a case of such very romantic interest, could scarcely fail in arresting the execution of so stern and deadly a sentence. It was ascertained, too, by the intercourse of his friends with government, that the judge who tried his case, notwithstanding the apparent severity of his charge, had been moved by an irresistible impulse to save him, and he actually determined from the beginning to have his sentence commuted to transportation for life.

The happy effect of this communication on Una O'Brien diffused a cheerful spirit among her family and relatives, who, in truth, had feared that her fate would ultimately depend upon that of her lover. After having been much relieved by the copious flood of tears she shed, and heard with composure all the details connected with the mitigation of his sentence, she asked her brother if Connor's parents had been yet made acquainted with it.

"I think not," he replied; "the time is too short."

"John," said the affectionate girl, "oh, consider his mother; and think of the misery that one single hour's knowledge of this may take away from her heart! Go to her, my dear John, and may all the blessings of Heaven rest upon you!"

"Good-by, then, Una dear; I will go."

He took her worn hand in his, as she spoke, and, looking on her with affectionate admiration, added—

"Yes! Good-by, my darling sister; believe me, Una, that I think if there's justice in Heaven, you'll have a light heart yet."

"It is very light now," she returned, "compared with what it was; but go, John, don't lose a moment; for I know what they suffer."

Her mother, after John's departure for Fardorougha's, went up to sit with her; but she found that the previous scene, although it relieved, had exhausted her. In the course of a few minutes their limited dialogue ceased, and she sank into a sound and refreshing sleep, from which she did not awaken until her brother had some time returned from the execution of his pious message. And piously was that message received by her for whose misery the considerate heart of Una O'Brien felt so deeply. Fardorougha had been out about the premises, mechanically looking to the manner in which the business of his farm had been of late managed by his two servants, when he descried O'Brien approaching the house at a quick if not a hurried pace. He immediately went in and communicated the circumstance to his wife.

"Honor," said he, "here is Bodagh Buie's son comin' up to the house—what on earth can bring the boy here?"

This was the first day on which his wife had been able to rise from her sick bed. She was consequently feeble, and, physically speaking, capable of no domestic exertion. Her mind, however, was firm as ever, and prompt as before her calamity to direct and overlook, in her own sweet and affectionate manner, whatever required her superintendence.

"I'm sure I don't know, Fardorougha," she replied. "It can't, I hope, be wid bad news—they thravel fast enough—an' I'm sure the Bodagh's son would n't take pleasure in bein' the first to tell them to us."

"But what can bring him, Honor? What on

earth can bring the boy here now, that never stood undher our roof afore!"

"Three or four minutes, Fardorougha, will tell us. Let us hope in God it isn't bad. Eh, Saver above, it would n't be the death of his sister—of Connor's Oona! No," she added, "they would n't send, much less come, to tell us *that*; but sure we'll hear it—we'll hear it; and may God give us stringth to hear it right, whether it's good or bad! Amin, Jasus, this day!"

She had hardly uttered the last words, when O'Brien entered.

"Young man," said this superior woman, "it's a poor welcome we can give you to a house of sorrow."

"Ay," said Fardorougha, "his mother an' I's here, but where is he! Nine days from this; but it'll kill me—it will—it will. Whin he's taken from me, I don't care how soon I folly him; God forgive me if it's a sin to say so!"

"Fardorougha," said his wife, in a tone of affectionate reproof, "remember what you promised me, an', at all events, you forget that Mr. O'Brien here may have his own troubles; I hard your sister was unwell. Oh, how is she, poor thing!"

"I thank you, a great deal better; I will not deny but she heard a piece of intelligence this day, that has relieved her mind and taken a dead weight off her heart."

Honor, with uncommon firmness and solemnity of manner, placed her hand upon his shoulder, and, looking him earnestly in the face, said,

"That news is about our son?"

"It is," replied O'Brien, "and it's good; his sentence is changed, and he is not to die."

"Not to die!" shrieked the old man, starting up, and clapping his hands frantically—"not to die! our son—Connor, Connor—not to be hanged—not to be hanged! Did you say that, son of O'Brien Buie, did you—did you?"

"I did," replied the other; "he will not suffer."

"Now that's God," ejaculated Fardorougha, wildly; "that's God an' his mother's prayers. Boys," he shrieked, "come here; come here, Biddy Nulty, come here; Connor's not to die; he won't suffer—he won't suffer!"

He was rushing wildly to the door, but Honor placed herself before him, and said, in that voice of calmness which is uniformly that of authority and power,

"Fardorougha dear, calm yourself. If this is God's work, as you say, why not resave it as comin' from God? It's upon your two knees you ought to drop, an'—Saver above, what's the matter wid him! He's off; keep him up. Oh, God bless you! that's it, avourneen; jist place him on the chair there forinist the door, where he can have air. Here, dear," said she to Biddy Nulty, who, on hearing herself called by her master, had come in from another room; "get some feathers, Biddy, till we burn them under his nose; but first fetch a jug of cold water."

On looking at the face of the miser, O'Brien started, as indeed well he might, at such a pallid, worn, and death-like countenance; why, thought he to himself, surely this must be death, and the old man's cares, and sorrows, and hopes, are all passed forever.

Honor now bathed his face, and wet his lips with water, and as she sprinkled and rubbed back the gray hair from his emaciated temples, there might be read there an expression of singular wild-

ness that resembles the wreck produced by insanity.

"He looks ill," observed O'Brien, who actually thought him dead; "but I hope it won't signify."

"I trust in God's mercy it won't," replied Honor; "for till his heart, poor man, is brought more to God—"

She paused with untaught delicacy, for she reflected that he was her husband.

"For that matter, who is there," she continued, "that is fit to go to their last account at a moment's warnin'? That's a good girl, Biddy; give me the feathers; there's nothing like them. *Dheah Grasthias! Dheah Grasthias!*" she exclaimed, "he's not—he's not—an' I was feared he was—no, he's recoverin'. Shake him; rouse him a little; Fardorougha, dear!"

"Where—where am I?" exclaimed her husband; "what's this? what ails me?"

He then looked inquiringly at his wife and O'Brien; but it appeared that the presence of the latter revived in his mind the cause of his excitement.

"Is it—is it thrue, young man? tell me—tell me!"

"How, dear, can any one have spirits to tell you good news, when you can't bear it either like a man or a Christian?"

"Good news! You say, then, it's thrue, an' he's not to be hanged by the neck, as the judge said; an' my curse—my heavy curse upon him for a judge!"

"I hate to hear the words of his sentence, Fardorougha," said the wife; "but if you have patience you'll find that his life's granted to him; an', for Heaven's sake, curse nobody. The judge only did his duty."

"Well," he exclaimed, sinking upon his knees, "now, from this day out, let what will happen, I'll stick to my duty to God—I'll repent—I'll repent and lead a new life. I will, an' while I'm alive I'll never say a word against the will of my heavenly Saviour; never, never."

"Fardorougha," replied his wife, "it's good, no doubt, to have a grateful heart to God; but I'm afeared there's sin in what you're sayin', for you know, dear, that, whether it pleased the Almighty to take our boy, or not, what you've promised to do is your duty. It's like sayin', I'll now turn my heart becase God has deserved it at my hands. Still, dear, I'm not goin' to condemn you, only I think it's better an' safer to love an' obey God for his own sake, blessed be his holy name!"

Young O'Brien was forcibly struck by the uncommon character of Honor O'Donovan. Her patience, good sense, and sincere acquiescence in the will of God, under so severe a trial, were such as he had never seen equalled. Nor could he help admitting to himself, while contemplating her conduct, that the example of such a woman was not only the most beautiful comment on religious truth, but the noblest testimony of its power.

"Yes, Honor," said the husband, in reply, "you're right, for I know that what you say is always thrue. It is, indeed," he added, addressing O'Brien; "she's a quail to a prayer-book."

"Yes, and far superior to any," replied the latter; "for she not only gives you the advice, but sets you the example."

"Ay, the sorra lie in it; an', oh, Honor, he's not to die—he's not to be h— not to suffer. Our son's to live! Oh, Saver of earth, make me thankful this day!"

The tears ran fast from his eyes as he looked up to heaven, and uttered the last words. Indeed, it was impossible not to feel deep compassion for this aged man, whose heart had been smote so heavily, and on the only two points where it was capable of feeling the blow.

After having indulged his grief for some time, he became considerably more composed, if not cheerful. Honor made many kind inquiries after Una's health, to which her brother answered with strict candor, for he had heard from Una that she was acquainted with the whole history of their courtship.

"Who knows," said she, speaking with reference to their melancholy fate, "but the God who has saved his life, an' most likely hers, may yet do more for them both! While there's life there's hope."

"Young man," said Fardorougha, "you carry a blessin' wid you wherever you go, an' may God bless you for the news you have brought to us this day! I'll go to see him to-morrow, an' wid a light heart I'll go too, for my son is not to die."

O'Brien then took his leave and returned home, pondering, as he went, upon the singular contrast which existed between the character of the miser and that of his admirable wife. He was no sooner gone than Honor addressed her husband as follows:—

"Fardorougha, what do you think we ought both to do now afther the happy news we've hard?"

"I'll be guided by you, Honor; I'll be guided by you."

"Then," said she, "go an' thank God that has taken the edge, the bitter, keen edge off of our sufferin'; an' the best way, in my opinion, for you to do it, is to go to the barn by yourself, an' strive to put your whole heart into your prayers. You'll pray better by yourself than wid me. An' in the name of God I'll do the same as well as I can in the house here. To-morrow, too, is Friday, an', praise our Saviour, we'll both fast in honor of his goodness to us an' to our son."

"We will, Honor," said he, "we will, indeed; for now I have spirits to fast, and spirits to pray, too. What will I say, now? Will I say the five Dickens (Decades) or the whole Rosary?"

"If you can keep your mind in the prayers, I think you ought to say the whole of it; but if you wandher don't say more than the five."

Fardorougha then went to the barn, rather because his wife desired him, than from a higher motive, whilst she withdrew to her own apartment, there humbly to worship God in thanksgiving.

The next day had made the commutation of Connor's punishment a matter of notoriety through the whole parish, and very sincere indeed was the gratification it conveyed to all who heard it. Public fame, it is true, took her usual liberties with the facts. Some said he had got a free pardon, others that he was to be liberated after six months' imprisonment; and a third report asserted that the lord lieutenant sent him down a hundred pounds to fit him out for marriage with Una; and it further added that his excellency wrote a letter with his own hand, to Bodagh Buie, desiring him to give his daughter to Connor on receipt of it, or if not, that the Knight of the Black Rod would come down, strip him of his property, and bestow it upon Connor and his daughter.

The young man himself was almost one of the first who heard of this favorable change in his dreadful sentence.

He was seated on his bedside reading, when the sheriff and jailer entered his cell, anxious to lay before him the reply which had that morning arrived from government.

"I'm inclined to think, O'Donovan, that your case is likely to turn out more favorably than we expected," said the humane sheriff.

"I hope, with all my heart, it may," replied the other; "there is no denying, sir, that I'd wish it. Life is sweet, especially to a young man of my years."

"But if we should fail," observed the jailer, "I trust you will act the part of a man."

"I hope, at all events, that I will act the part of a Christian," returned O'Donovan. "I certainly would rather live; but I'm not afraid of death, and if it comes, I trust I will meet it humbly but firmly."

"I believe," said the sheriff, "you need entertain little apprehension of death; I'm inclined to think that that part of your sentence is not likely to be put in execution. I have heard as much."

"I think, sir, by your manner, that you have," returned Connor; "but I beg you to tell me without goin' about. Don't be afeared, sir, that I'm too wake to hear either good news or bad."

The sheriff made no reply; but placed in his hands the official document which remitted to him the awful penalty of his life. Connor read it over slowly, and the other kept his eye fixed keenly upon his countenance, in order to observe his bearing under circumstances that are often known to test human fortitude as severely as death itself. He could, however, perceive no change; not even the unsteadiness of a nerve or muscle was visible, nor the slightest fluctuation in the hue of his complexion.

"I feel grateful to the lord lieutenant for his mercy to me," said he, handing him back the letter, "as I do to the friends who interceded for me; I never will or can forget their goodness. Oh never, never!"

"I believe it," said the sheriff; "but there's one thing that I am anxious to press upon your attention; and it's this, that no further mitigation of your punishment is to be expected from government; so that you must make up your mind to leave your friends and your country for life, as you now know."

"I expect nothing more," returned Connor, "except this, that the hand of God may yet bring the guilt of the burning home to the man that committed it, and prove my innocence. I'm now not without some hope that such a thing may be brought about some how. I thank you, Mither Sheriff, for your kindness in coming to me with this good news so soon; all I can say is, that I thank you from my heart. I am bound to say, too, that any civility and comfort that could be shown was afforded me ever since I came here, an' I feel it, an' I'm grateful for it."

Both were deeply impressed by the firm tone of manly sincerity and earnestness with which he spoke, blended as it was by a melancholy which gave, at the same time, a character of elevation and pathos to all he said. They then shook hands with him, after chatting for some time on indifferent subjects, the jailer promising to make his situation while he should remain in prison as easy as the regulations would allow him; or, "who knows," he added, smiling, "but we might make them a little easier?"

"That's a fine young fellow," said he to the sheriff, after they had left him.

"He is a gentleman," replied the sheriff, "by nature a gentleman; and a very uncommon one, too. I defy a man to doubt a word that comes out of his lips; all he says is impressed with the stamp of truth itself, and by h—n's he never committed the felony he's in for! Keep him as comfortable as you can."

They then separated.

The love of life is the first and strongest principle in our nature, and what man is there except some unhappy wretch pressed down by long and galling misery to the uttermost depths of despair, who, knowing that life was forfeited, whether justly or not matters little, to the laws of his country, will not feel the mercy which bids him live with a corresponding sense of gratitude? The son of the pious mother acted as if she were still his guide and monitress.

He knelt down and poured out his gratitude to that great Being who had the first claim upon it, and whose blessing he fervently invoked upon the heads of those true friends by whose exertions and influence he now felt that life was restored to him.

Of his life while he remained in this country there is little more to be said than what is usually known to occur in the case of other convicts similarly circumstanced, if we except his separation from the few persons who were dear to him. He saw his father the next day, and the old man felt almost disappointed on discovering that he was deprived of the pleasure which he proposed to himself of being the bearer of such glad tidings to him. Those who visited him, however, noticed, with a good deal of surprise, that he appeared as if laboring under some secret anxiety, which, however, no tact or address on their part could induce him to disclose. Many of them, actuated by the best motives, asked him in distinct terms why he appeared to be troubled; but the only reply they received was a good-humored remark that it was not to be expected he could leave forever all that was dear to him on earth with a very cheerful spirit.

It was at this period that his old friend Nogher McCormick came to pay him a visit; it being the last time, as he said, that he would ever have an opportunity of seeing his face. Nogher, whose moral impressions were by no means so correct as Connor's, asked him, with a face of dry, peculiar mystery, if he had any particular wish unfulfilled; or if there remained behind him any individual against whom he entertained a spirit of enmity. If there were he begged him to make no scruple in entrusting to him a full statement of his wishes on the subject, adding that he might rest assured of having them accomplished.

"One thing you may be certain of, Nogher," said he, to the affectionate fellow, "that I have no secrets to tell; so don't let that go abroad upon me. I have hard to-day," he added, "that the vessel we are to go in will sail on this day week. My father was here this mornin'; but I had n't hard it then. Will you, Nogher, tell my mother privately that she musn't come to see me on the day I appointed with my father? From the state of health she's in, I'm tould she could n't bear it. Tell her, then, not to come till the day before I sail; an' that I will expect to see her early on that day. And, Nogher, as you know more about this unhappy business than any one else, except the O'Briens and ourselves, will you give this little packet to my mother? There's three or four locks of my hair in it; one of them is for Una; and desire my mother to see Una, and to get a link of



her hair to wear next my heart. My poor father—now that he finds he must part with me—is so distracted and distressed, that I could n't trust him with this message. I want it to be kept a secret to every one but you, my mother, and Una; but my poor father would be apt to mention it in some fit of grief."

"But is there nothin' else on your mind, Connor?"

"There's no heavy guilt on my mind, Nogher, I thank my God and my dear mother for it."

"Well, I can tell you one thing before you go, Connor—Bartle Flanagan's well watched. If he has been guilty—if—derry downs, who doubts it!—well, never mind; I'll hould a trifle we get him to show the cloven foot, and condemn himself yet."

"The villain," said Connor, "will be too deep—too polished for you."

"Ten to one he's not. Do you know what we've found out since this business?"

"No."

"Why, the devil resave the squig of punch, whiskey, or liquor of any sort or size he'll allow to pass the lips of him. Now, Connor, aren't you up to the cunnin' villany of the traitor in that maynewre?"

"I am, Nogher; I see his design in it. He is afeared if he got drunk that he might n't be able to keep his own secret."

"Ah, thin, by the holy Nelly, we'll steep him yet, or he'll look sharp. Never you mind him, Connor."

"Nogher! stop," said Connor, almost angrily, "stop; what do you mane by them last words?"

"Divil a much; it's about the bleggard I'm spakin'; he'll be ped, I can tell you. There's a few friends of yours that intinds, some o' these nights, to open a gusset under one of his ears only; the divil a thing more."

"What! to take the unhappy man's life!—to murder him?"

"Hut, Connor; who's spakin' about murder? No, only to make him miss his breath some night afore long. Does he deserve mercy that 'ud swear away the life of an innocent man?"

"Nogher," replied the other, rising up and speaking with the utmost solemnity—

"If one drop of his blood is spilled on my account, it will bring the vengeance of Heaven upon the head of every man havin' a hand in it. Will you, because he's a villain, make yourself murderers!—make yourselves blacker than he is?"

"Why, thin, death alive! Connor, have you your seven sinsis about you? Faith, that's good; as if it was a sin to knock such a white-livered Judas upon the head! Sin!—oh hell resave the morsel o' sin in that but the contrary. Sure its only sarvin' honest people right, to knock such a desaiwer on the head. If he had parjured himself for the sake of the truth, or to assist a brother in trouble—or to help on the good cause—it would be something; but to go to—but—arra, be me sowl, he'll sup sarra for it, sure enough! I thought it would make your mind aisy, or I would n't minton it till we'd let the breath out of him."

"Nogher," said Connor, "before you leave this unfortunate room, you must take the Almighty to witness that you'll have no hand in this bloody business, an' that you'll put a stop to it altogether. If you don't, and that his life is taken, in the first place, I'll be miserable for life; and in the next, take my word for it, that the judgment of God will fall heavily upon every one consarned in it."

"What for? Is it for slittin' the juggler of sich a rip? Isn't he as bad as a heretic, an'

worse, for he turned against his own. He has got himself made the head of a lodge, too, and houlds Articles; but it's not bein' an Article-bearer that'll save him, an' he'll find that to his cost. But indeed, Connor, the villain's a double traitor, as you'd own, if you *knew* what I hard a hint of!"

"Well, but you must lave him to God."

"What do you think but I got a whisper that he has bad designs on her."

"On who?" said O'Donovan, starting.

"Why, on your own girl, Oona, the Bodagh's daughter. He intinds, it's whispered, to take her off; an' it seems, as her father does n't stand well with the boys, that Bartle's to get a great body of them to assist him in bringing her away."

Connor paced his cell in deep and vehement agitation. His resentment against this double-eyed villain rose to a fearful pitch; his color deepened—his eye shot fire, and, as he clenched his hand convulsively, Nogher saw the fury which this intelligence had excited in him.

"No," he proceeded, "it would be an open sin an' shame to let sich a netarnal limb of the devil escape."

It may, indeed, be said that O'Donovan never properly felt the sense of his restraint until this moment. When he reflected on the danger to which his beloved Una was exposed from the dark plans of this detestable villain, and recollected that there existed in the members of the illegal confederacy such a strong spirit of enmity against Bodagh Buie, as would induce them to support Bartle in his designs upon his daughter, he pressed his hand against his forehead, and walked about in a tumult of distress and resentment, such as he had never yet felt in his bosom.

"It's a charity it will be," said Nogher, shrewdly availing himself of the commotion he had created, "to stop the vagabone short in the coorse of his villany. He'll surely bring the darlin' young girl off, an' destroy her."

For a few moments he felt as if his heart were disposed to rebel against the common ordinances of Providence, as they appeared to be manifested in his own punishment, and the successful villany of Bartle Flanagan. The reflection, however, of a strong and naturally pious mind soon enabled him to perceive the errors into which his passions would lead him, if not restrained and subjected. He made an effort to be calm, and in a considerable degree succeeded.

"Nogher," said he, "let us not forget that this Bartle—this—but I will not say it—let us not forget that God can aisily turn his plans against himself. To God, then, let us lave him. Now, hear me—you must swear in His Presence that you will have neither act nor part in doing him an injury—that you will not shed his blood, nor allow it to be shed by others, as far as you can prevent it."

Nogher rubbed his chin gravely, and almost smiled at what he considered to be a piece of silly nonsense on the part of Connor. He determined, therefore, to satisfy his scruples as well as he could; but, let the consequence be what it might, to evade such an oath.

"Why, Connor," said he, "surely, if you go to that, we can have no ill-will against the d—n villain, an' as you don't wish it, we'll dhrop the thing; so now make your mind aisy, for another word you or any one else won't ever hear about it."

"And you won't injure the man?"

"Hut! no," replied Nogher with a gravity

whose irony was barely perceptible, "what would *see* murder him for, now that *you* don't wish it! I never had any particular wish to see my own funeral."

"And, Nogher, you will do all you can to prevent him from being murdered?"

"To be sure, Connor—to be sure. By He that made me, we won't give pain to a single hair of his head. Are you satisfied now?"

"I am," replied the ingenious young man, who was himself too candid to see through the sophistry of Nogher's oath.

"And now, Nogher," he replied, "many a day have we spent together—you are one of my oldest friends. I suppose this is the last time you will ever see Connor O'Donovan; however, don't, man—don't be cast down; you will hear from me, I hope, and hear that I am well too."

He uttered this with a smile which cost him an effort; for, on looking into the face of his faithful old friend, he saw his muscles working under the influence of strong feeling—or, I should rather say, deep sorrow—which he felt anxious, by a show of cheerfulness, to remove. The fountains, however, of the old servant's heart were opened, and, after some ineffectual attempts to repress his grief, he fell upon Connor's neck, and wept aloud.

"Tut, Nogher," said Connor, "surely it's glad you ought to be, instead of sorry. What would you have done if my first sentence had been acted upon?"

"I'm glad for your sake," replied the other, "but I'm now sorry for my own. You will live, Connor, and you may yet be happy; but he that often held you in his arms—that often played with you, and that, next to your father and your mother, you loved better than any other livin'—he, poor Nogher, will never see his boy more."

On uttering these words, he threw himself again upon Connor's neck, and we are not ashamed to say that their tears flowed together.

"I'll miss you, Connor, dear; I'll not see your face at fair or market, nor on the chapel-green of a Sunday. Your poor father will break his heart, and the mother's eye will never more have an opportunity of being proud out of her son. It's hard upon me to part wid you, Connor, but it can't be helped; I only ax you to remember Nogher, that, you know, loved you as if you wor his own; remember me, Connor, of an odd time. I never thought—oh, God, I never thought to see this day! No wondher—oh, no wondher that the fair young creature should be pale and worn, an' sick at heart! I love her now, an' ever will, as well as I did yourself. I'll never see her, Connor, widout thinkin' heavily of him that her heart was set upon, an' that will then be far away from her an' from all that ever loved him."

"Nogher," replied Connor, "I'm not without hope that—but this—this is folly. You know I have a right to be thankful to God and the goodness of government for sparin' my life. Now, farewell—it is forever, Nogher, an' it is a tryin' word to-day; but you know that every one goin' to America must say it; so, think that I'm goin' there, an' it won't signify."

"Ah, Connor, I wish I could," replied Nogher; "but, to tell the truth, what breaks my heart is, to think of the way you are goin' from us. Farewell, then, Connor darlin'; an' may the blessin' of God, an' his holy mother, an' of all the saints be upon you now an' for ever. Amen!"

His tears flowed fast, and he sobbed aloud, whilst uttering the last words; he then threw his

arms about Connor's neck, and, having kissed him, he again wrung his hand, and passed out of the cell in an agony of grief.

Such is the anomalous nature of that peculiar temperament, which, in Ireland, combines within it the extremes of generosity and crime. Here was a man who had been literally affectionate and harmless during his whole past life, yet, who was now actually plotting the murder of a person who had never—except remotely, by his treachery to Connor, whom he loved—rendered him an injury, or given him any cause of offence. And what can show us the degraded state of moral feeling among a people whose natural impulses are as quick to virtue as to vice, and the reckless estimate which the peasantry form of human life, more clearly than the fact, that Connor, the noble-minded, heroic, and pious peasant, could admire the honest attachment of his old friend, without dwelling upon the dark point in his character, and mingle his tears with a man who was deliberately about to join in, or encompass, the assassination of a fellow-creature?

Even against persons of his own creed the Irishman thinks that revenge is a duty which he owes to himself;—but against those of a different faith it is not only a duty but a virtue—and any man who acts out of this feeling, either as a juror, a witness, or an elector—for the principle is the same—must expect to meet such retribution as was suggested by a heart like Nogher Mc'Connick's, which was otherwise affectionate and honest. In the secret code of perverted honor by which Irishmen are guided, he is undoubtedly the most heroic and manly, and the most worthy also of imitation, who indulges in, and executes his vengeance for injuries, whether real or supposed, with the most determined and unshrinking spirit; but the man who is capable of braving death, by quoting his own innocence as an argument against the justice of the law, even when notoriously guilty, is looked upon by the people, not as an innocent man—for his accomplices and friends know he is not—but as one who is a hero in his rank of life; and it is unfortunately a kind of ambition among too many of our ill-thinking but generous countrymen, to propose such men as the best models for imitation, not only in their lives, but in that hardened hypocrisy which defies and triumphs over the ordeal of death itself.

Connor O'Donovan was a happy representation of all that is noble and pious in the Irish character, without one tinge of the crimes which darken or discolor it. But the heart that is full of generosity and fortitude, is generally most susceptible of the kinder and more amiable affections. The noble boy, who could hear the sentence of death without the commotion of a nerve, was forced to weep on the neck of an old and faithful follower who loved him, when he remembered that, after that melancholy visit, he should see his familiar face no more. When Nogher left him, a train of painful reflections passed through his mind. He thought of Una, of his father, of his mother, and for some time was more depressed than usual. But the gift of life to the young is ever a counter-balance to every evil that is less than death. In a short time he reflected that the same Providence which had interposed between him and his recorded sentence, had his future fate in its hands; and that he had health, and youth, and strength—and, above all, a good conscience—to bear him through the future vicissitudes of his appointed fate.

From Household Words.

## GOING TO THE DOGS.

LAST year, just before grouse-shooting set in, I had occasion to call one evening on John Rowleigh, the jolliest of our English engineers. I found him surrounded by a troop of friends and clients, gossiping after dinner over cold drinks and tobacco on the large lawn of his little bachelor house. Rowleigh's dinners are as well liked as his railway works, and for the same good qualities—a judicious plan, the best available materials, perfect execution, and no frivolous extravagance. As for the people to be met at his round table, some are old friends, like his wines; and some are fresh, like his dessert. Some of his associates are fruity and full-bodied, like his port; others, light and cool, like his claret. While exchanging salutations with all the friends I found on John Rowleigh's lawn, my attention was directed to a stranger who approached us from the greenhouse with slow steps, and eyes intently studying the grass. He was a wiry young fellow, with a compact head, short curly light hair, well-cut features, thoroughly well bronzed; and enough eyebrow and whisker for the tyrant in a pantomime (afterwards clown). By his loose throat, wide white trousers, and excessive garniture with studs and chains over the chest, I should have taken this young man to be a sea-captain, with a flush of prize-money, or the successful master of an opium clipper; but, if he had been a sailor, he would have had his nose turned upward to the wind, and not downward to the daisies.

The good people on the grass had been amusing themselves—and gratifying their taste for the horrible—with stories of attorneys, and their ingenious devices for rendering difficult and devious the straightest railway routes; tales of desperate struggles in parliamentary committee-rooms; romantic (but true) anecdotes of prodigious fees to barristers; and narratives of ingenious jockeyship, by which rival lines were crushed, and utterly raised from the railway map.

From railway attorneys the talk glided to robbers in general, and, as engineers visit all corners of the world, we had tales of the robbers of all nations. When the Bronzed Man contributed his share, it turned out that he had been spending eleven years in Australia. The tale he told I will endeavor to repeat.

"In another ten years," said he, "if things continue on their present footing, tales of blacks and bush-rangers will exist only as nursery stories in Australia, but when I first went out to the colony, the case was very different indeed. Black tribes, flourishing by hundreds, were like bands of angry wolves where they now limp like lame foxes by ones and twos. As for the bush-rangers, they were generally convict servants too lazy to work, or, driven out by the cruelty of unjust masters, had fled into the bush to avoid repeated flogging, and lived by plundering the stations or by lifting cattle. When heifers used to be worth five pounds to ten pounds it was worth while to be gully-raker—that is, cattle-stealer; but when they fell to forty shillings, the profit on a robbing speculation was not worth the risk.

"At that time, some of them made little parties to go out and stop the drays on any unfrequented road, or rob passengers near towns; while others, who desired to have exclusive privilege of pocketing the booty and were desperate enough for the

adventure, went alone. But a good horse formed an essential part of the bush-ranger's equipment, whether he were a thief in his own right, or a member of a troop of sable banditti.

"Desire to save my property from reckless plunder caused me to pay a sort of black mail to these fellows. When my drays were about to travel nearly two hundred miles over a very bad road, I used to remind the bullock drivers that if they should meet with any one upon the road in very urgent want of tea or flour, they had better be good-natured, and supply them with a little. In this way my stores travelled safely when those of my neighbors were rifled, and when even their drays were often wantonly backed over the edge of some precipice. This, no doubt, was chiefly due to the black-mail I paid; but I had managed to get the good-will of these fellows, by earning a character for humanity.

"During the assignment time I never was a flogging master. If a man was saucy to me I might perhaps knock him down, but that was a proceeding taken in good part; the convict looked upon it as a very different thing to being taken before a magistrate and forfeiting a year of liberty.

"One evening, when returning from a three days' journey, I found myself within fifty miles of my station—at that time recently established—on the extreme borders of known land; my horse was exhausted, for we had been travelling since day-break. I had dismounted, and was steering by the Southern Cross, until I noticed the reflection of a fire, and heard an echo of rude laughter in the neighborhood. Here, I thought, are some bullock drays encamped. I shall light my pipe and get a quart of tea. I passed from the shadows of the trees, and, stooping down impatiently to light my pipe with a 'Well, mates, how goes it?' was welcomed by the pointed muskets of a couple of shaggy men, in garments wonderfully patched. Four others at the same time ran to their arms, but seeing that I puffed away at the lighted brand, apparently concerned about no greater matter than the lighting of my pipe, and noticing perhaps that my horse was exhausted, they exchanged their proposed warm reception with the muskets for a 'Halloo, stranger, where do you come from! Have you any tobacco?' 'I am going,' I said, 'to my station on Pelican Creek, and I have been up to the Crownland Commissioner, to see about the boundaries of my new run. I have plenty of tobacco, but not a skerrick of tea or sugar.' So saying I pulled out my tobacco-pouch, which I had taken care to supply well; for it is the best purse to carry on a journey in the bush; and then, unbuckling my horse's girths, threw my saddle down before the fire. To have quitted my new friends upon a tired horse would have been quite impossible; my safety lay therefore in treating them with confidence.

"The first thing to which they attended was the filling of their pipes from my pouch; the next thing to which they attended was lighting them. They then inhaled and puffed the smoke with an eagerness that I can compare only to the zest with which men swallow water after a long journey in a drought.

"Presently they consulted apart; while I, preparing for the night, hobbled the fore-legs of my horse, rubbed his ears dry, and shook out my blanket. After a few minutes, having made an end of whispering, one of the men handed to me a

quart pot of tea—there were three such pots boiling at the fire—and, scraping back the wood-ashes, he took out and fairly divided a huge damper among us all, to which he added, for my share, the hind-quarters of a kangaroo-rat. There were frizzling on the fire, at the same time, certain bits of meat, which at once I concluded to be rough mutton-chops. After my hosts had smoked their first pipes, they attended to the supper and commenced a running fire of questions. Which way had I gone? Whom had I seen? Was not my name Lawdon? No, it was not. Was the commissioner coming up to my station? And did I know a man by the name of Bald-faced Tom? Yes; he was my best bullock-driver. Who was my stockman? Red Irish Dan. Then they again whispered together, and I could overhear such comfortable words as 'The swell's all right,' 'He's jammock.' 'He won't split.' Finally they came back; and when they had continued smoking and eating far into the night, they packed up the unused tea and flour in the two sleeves of a shirt; asked me to oblige them with the whole of my tobacco; and advised me to sleep away from the fire, since it was possible that the blacks might creep up and throw in a shower of spears. I took the hint, rolled myself in my blanket, and, in spite of all misgivings, fell asleep. At sunrise, awaking stiff and chilly, I found my blanket gone. Fortunately, I had nothing else, worth taking, about me; and my friends had not robbed me of my horse. The great hollow gum-tree which had formed the fire still smouldered; so I warmed myself before it, and nibbled a bit of the damper left behind by my departed hosts.

"On the evening of the same day I reached my station. A fortnight afterwards, Bald-faced Tom came up with the light cart from Maitland, and there was great mirth in the prisoner's hut. The joke was in due time imparted to me. Moody's overseer—who had the credit, like his master, of serving out short rations, and getting the men too freely flogged—had met six 'boys' in the Tea-tree Flats, had been taken off his horse, stripped, tied to a tree, and presented with a service of three dozen lashes. Of course he was then left to get home as he might be able, naked and on foot. From the description, I at once knew that these six men had been my supper companions in the Bush.

"That was my first adventure; nothing very terrible. The next, however, you will find, was serious enough; and these two are all the stories of bush-peril that I can tell you from my own personal experience.

"I was going down to Sydney after two years in the Bush, only varied by an overland journey to South Australia. My hool had gone on a week before, and my intended companion, Charley Malcolm, had disappointed me, being suddenly prevented from travel by affection of the heart. He had seen (and married within the week) a pretty Scotch girl, who had come into our district as nurse in the doctor's family. I set out, accordingly, alone; with a carbine at my back, and two of the best kangaroo dogs in the country for my escort; riding such a horse as no man ever can own twice in a single life. I bought him, at two years old, from the stockman by whom he was bred (at a very long price), and had spent a great deal more pains in training him than we generally can afford, in the Bush, to spend on horse-flesh. We set out, as usual, at a foot-pace, to do thirty-mile stages,

which would bring us to Maitland in five or six days. On the very first day I was tempted foolishly to chase a stray emu, because I had promised a few feathers to some Sydney friends. The emu was caught; but Moonlight, my horse, putting his foot into a wombat-hole, gave me a fall over his head, by which the stock of my carbine was snapped asunder. So, for the rest of the journey, I was doomed to go unarmed.

"Before getting to Liverpool Plains, at a Bush inn where I passed the night, there was a great talk about a certain One-eyed Dick, a bush-ranger, whom the mounted police had been seeking for the last three weeks. In chase of him, a few days before my arrival, they had shot his horse; but he had, nevertheless, contrived to get away into the scrub, and to find a hiding-place among the rocks. It was supposed he was by that time driven to extremities, as no one would dare to help him, if there had been any one inclined; and he could not venture so much as to light a fire to cook his food lest the smoke or flame might betray his whereabouts to the pursuers. He was a murderous fellow, for whom no one had a good word; and it seemed to be agreed on all sides, that, if he did not find means to get another horse to carry him into another district, his life could not be worth many weeks' purchase. Being tired, and knowing full well that bush travellers were given to ornament their narratives, I paid little attention at the time to all this gossip, and went drowsily to bed.

"Crossing the ranges on the following day, I had to pursue a narrow track along the steep side of a hill which went down by steps into the valley. Before I reached the open forest, as I was winding round a long peninsula of rocks, my dogs dashed after a kangaroo. In another minute I was hailed by a voice immediately overhead, shouting, with wild oaths, 'Bail up, or I'll blow out your brains!' I caught a glimpse of an extremely ugly face, and of the muzzle of a rusty musket. There was no time for consideration. The gentleman above required my horse; I regarded that horse as my choicest treasure. Therefore I pressed the said horse's sides, threw myself flat on his back, and away we went tumbling, rather than galloping, along the narrow pathway of uneven stones. The musket, of course, was discharged, and the slugs whistled round me, raking up the skin of my neck and shoulders; but we soon turned the jut of the peninsula from which the bush-ranger had fired. The narrow defile into the open forest being partly blocked up by a small tree that had fallen across it, the gentleman of the bush was taking a short cut to meet me at this point, holding his musket clubbed ready to deal, when he could get at me, a desperate blow. He had evidently set his mind upon bestriding Moonlight.

"We got to the barrier nearly at the same time. Moonlight went at and cleared the tree like a kangaroo; but, as he alighted on the other side, he tripped and struck upon his head among the brambles. I rolled over him, still holding firmly by the reins. It was well for me that the bush ranger, being out of breath, missed the blow aimed at my devoted head. It was parried for me by the strong arm of an overhanging tree, which caused the musket to recoil at an unexpected moment with so much force as to fly out of the ruffian's hand, and to tumble down the hill-side. My horse rose, and the man ran to seize him, shouting threats and oaths against me which I do not think it needful to repeat. I still maintained my hold upon the



reins and the stirrup; my blood was up; and with all my force I cut my assailant across the face with my doubled stockwhip. Then he grappled with me, and we fell. He was a bigger, broader man than I, but starvation had weakened him, and I was in the better condition for a wrestle. We rolled over and over; at first each trying to get the other down. I had his left wrist grasped in my right hand; my left hand, missing his throat, tugged at his chin and beard. He clenched my neckerchief in his fist and dug his knuckles into my throat, and would certainly have strangled me, had not my neckerchief—which was thin—given way. Then he attempted to get out his knife; but in the moment when he put down his right hand—being then undermost—I threw back my own head and struck him a stout blow on his only eye. I do not know how long the struggle lasted, but my strength began to fail. His knees were once or twice upon my chest, and, although I threw him off, my hands were losing power rapidly.

"Until I felt that his endurance surpassed mine—until I despaired—I had been silent, while my antagonist most vehemently swore; I summoned however at last my failing strength for a loud shout. In a very little while his cursing took the form of a wild howl of rage and pain, his grasp relaxed, and I saw him fighting at the jaws of my two fierce and faithful dogs. Supporting myself on my hands and knees, I, like a savage, urged them on in feeble whispers—they were my last hope, and my strong hope. One dog had the robber by the throat, the other had plunged his sharp muzzle into his side. Shrieking horribly, he writhed and fought with them. As soon as I could gather strength I arose, and with faltering steps followed my horse, who waited, trembling, for his master. I mounted, and without looking back pushed over fifteen miles, until we halted at a cattle station. My dogs did not follow me. I waited an hour for them before they came in. Refusing the offer of a sheep that was presented to them, they went to sleep before the fire.

"While I was in the colony, I never mentioned the matter to any man except to the head of the police. One-eyed Dick was never heard of more. The dingoes and eagle-hawks soon provide decent burial for any dead body of man or beast left in the bush. I sold Moonlight for India—he was too good a horse for my rough work. In India he soon rose to merited distinction, and trotted about with a governor-general upon his back."

From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE GREAT OYER OF POISONING.

In a previous article an account was given of the proceedings against the Earl and Countess of Somerset for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Though they were spared, several other persons were executed for this offence; and the circumstances under which those who were represented as the chief criminals escaped, while the others, whose guilt was represented as merely secondary, were executed, is among the most mysterious parts of the history. There was so much said about poisoning throughout the whole inquiry, that Sir Edward Coke gave the trials the name of "The Great Oyer of Poisoning." Oyer has long been a technical term in English law; and it is almost unnecessary to explain, that it is old French for

to hear—oyer and terminer meaning, to hear and determine. The same inscrutable reasons which make the evidence so imperfect against the chief offenders, affect the whole of it. But while the exact causes of the death of Sir Thomas Overbury may be left in doubt, as well as the motives which led to it, enough is revealed in the trials of the minor offenders to throw a remarkable light on the strange habits of the time, and especially on the profligacy and credulity of the court of King James.

The first person put to trial was Richard Weston, who had been appointed for the purpose of taking charge of Sir Thomas Overbury. If he had been murdered by poison, there could be no doubt that Weston was one of the perpetrators. He had been brought up as an apothecary; and it was said that he was selected on account of his being then enabled to dabble in poisons. The charge against him is very indistinct. He was charged that he, "in the Tower of London, in the parish of All-hallows Barking, did obtain and get into his hand certain poison of green and yellow color, called rosagar—knowing the same to be deadly poison—and the same did maliciously and feloniously mingle and compound in a kind of broth poured out into a certain dish." Weston long refused to plead to the indictment. Of old, a person could not be put on trial unless he pleaded not guilty, and demanded a trial. The law, however, provided for those who were obstinate a more dreadful death than would be inflicted on the scaffold. To frighten him into compliance, the court gave him a description of it, telling him that he was "to be extended, and then to have weights laid upon him no more than he was able to bear, which were by little and little to be increased; secondly, that he was to be exposed in an open place, near to the prison, in the open air, being naked; and, lastly, that he was to be preserved with the coarsest bread that could be got, and water out of the next sink or puddle." He was told that "oftentimes men lived in that extremity eight or nine days." People have sometimes endured the *peine forte et dure*, as it was called, because, unless they pleaded and were convicted, their estates were not forfeited; and they endured the death of protracted torture for the sake of their families. Weston's object was supposed to be to prevent a trial, the evidence in which would expose his great patrons the Earl and Countess of Somerset. The motive was not, however, strong enough to make him stand to his purpose. He pleaded to the indictment, was found guilty, and executed at Tyburn.

The next person brought up was of a more interesting character—Anne Turner, the widow of a physician. It is stated in the Report, that when she appeared at the bar, the chief-justice Coke said to her: "that women must be covered in the church, but not when they are arraigned, and so caused her to put off her hat; which done, she covered her hair with her handkerchief, being before dressed in her hair with her handkerchief over it." Although Mother Turner's pursuits were of the questionable kind generally attributed to old hags—she dealt in philters, soothsaying, and poisoning—she must have been a young and beautiful woman. In some of the letters which were produced at the trials, she was called "Sweet Turner." In a poem, called *Overbury's Vision*, published in 1616, and reprinted in the seventh volume of the *Harleian Miscellany*, she is thus enthusiastically described—

It seemed that she had been some gentle dame ;  
 For on each part of her fair body's frame  
 Nature such delicacy did bestow,  
 That fairer object oft it doth not show.  
 Her crystal eye, beneath an ivory brow,  
 Did show what she at first had been ; but now  
 The roses on her lovely cheeks were dead ;  
 The earth's pale color had all overspread  
 Her sometimes lovely look ; and cruel Death,  
 Coming untimely with his wintry breath,  
 Blasted the fruit which cherry-like in show,  
 Upon her dainty lips did whilome grow.  
 Oh, how the cruel cord did misbecome  
 Her comely neck ! And yet by law's just doom  
 Had been her death.

It might be said to be Mrs. Turner's profession to minister to all the bad passions of intriguers. The wicked Countess of Essex employed her to secure to her, by magic arts and otherwise, the affection of Somerset, and at the same time to create alienation and distaste on the part of her husband. Among the documents produced at her trial was one said to be a list of "what ladies loved what lords;" and it is alleged that Coke prohibited its being read, because, whenever he cast his eye on it, he saw there the name of his own wife. Some mysterious articles were produced at the trial, which were believed to be instruments of enchantment and diabolical agency. "There were also enchantments showed in court, written in parchment, wherein were contained all the names of the blessed Trinity mentioned in the Scriptures; and in another parchment + B + C + D + E; and in a third, likewise in parchment, were written all the names of the holy Trinity, as also a figure, on which was written this word, *corpus*; and on the parchment was fastened a little piece of the skin of a man. In some of these parchments were the devil's particular names, who were conjured to torment the Lord Somerset, and Sir Arthur Manwaring, if their loves should not continue, the one to the countess, the other to Mrs. Turner." Along with these were some pictures, as they were termed, or, more properly speaking, models of the human figure. "At the showing," says the report, "of these, and enchanted papers, and other pictures in court, there was heard a crack from the scaffolds, which caused great fear, tumult, and confusion among the spectators, and throughout the hall, every one fearing hurt, as if the devil had been present, and grown angry to have his workmanship showed by such as were not his own scholars."\*

The small figures, which appeared to have created the chief consternation, were, we are inclined to believe, very innocent things. There was, it is true, a belief that an individual could be injured or slain by operations on his likeness. There was, however, another purpose connected with Mrs. Turner's pursuits to which small jointed images, like artists' lay figures, were used. This was to exhibit the effect of any new fashion, or peculiar style of dress. In this manner small figures, about the size of dolls, were long used in Paris. We have seen people expressing their surprise at pictures of full-grown French-women examining dolls, but in reality they were not more triflingly occupied than those who now contemplate the latest fashions in their favorite feminine periodical. Mrs. Turner was very likely to have occasion for such figures, for she was, with her other pursuits, a sort of dress-maker, or *modiste*; in fact, she seems to have been a ready minister

to every kind of human vanity and folly, as well as to a good deal of human wickedness. In the department of dress, she had a name in her own sex and age as illustrious as that of Brummel among dandies in the beginning of this century. As he was the inventor of the starched cravat, she was his precursor in the invention of the starched ruff, or, as it is generally said, of the yellow starch.

The best account we have of the starched ruff is by a man who wrote to abuse it. An individual named Stubbes published an *Anatomy of Abuses*. Having become extremely rare, a small impression of it was lately reprinted, as a curious picture of the times. Stubbes dealt trenchantly with everything that savored of pride and ostentation in dress; and he was peculiarly severe on Mr. Turner's invention, which made the ruff stand against bad weather. He describes the ruffs as having been made "of cambric Holland lawn; or else of some other the finest cloth that can be got for money, whereof some be a quarter of a yard deep; yea, some more—very few less." He describes with much glee the elementary calamities to which, before the invention of the starch, they were liable. "If Æolus with his blasts, or Neptune with his storms, chance to hit upon the crazy barque of their bruised ruffs, then they goeth flip-flap in the wind, like rags that flew abroad, lying upon their shoulders like the dish-clout of a slut." Having thus, with great exultation, described these reproaches to human pride, he mentions how "the devil, as he, in the fulness of his malice, first invented these great ruffs, so hath he now found out also two great pillars to bear up and maintain this his kingdom of great ruffs—for the devil is king and prince over all the kingdom of pride." One pillar appears to have been a wire-framework—something, perhaps, of the nature of the hoop. The other was "a certain kind of liquid matter, which they call starch, wherein the devil hath willed them to wash and dye their ruffs well; and this starch they make of divers colors and hues—white, red, blue, purple, and the like, which being dry, will then stand stiff and inflexible about their necks."

Mrs. Turner, at her execution, was arrayed in a ruff stiffened with the material for the invention of which she was so famous. She had for her scientific adviser a certain Dr. Forman—a man who was believed to be deep in all kinds of dangerous chemical lore, and at the same time to possess a connection with the evil one, which gave him powers greater than those capable of being obtained through mere scientific agency. Had he been alive, he would have undoubtedly been tried with the other poisoners. His widow gave some account of his habits, and of his wonderful apparatus, such as "a ring which would open like a watch;" but the glimpse obtained of him is brief and mysteriously tantalizing. We remember that, about twenty-five years ago, this man was made the hero of a novel called *Forman*, which contains much effective writing, but did not somehow fit the popular taste.

Notwithstanding the scientific ingenuity both of the males and females concerned in this affair, the poisoning seems to have been conducted in a very bungling manner when compared with the slow and secret poisonings of the French and Italians. It is believed that a female of Naples, called Tophana, who used a tasteless liquid, named after her *Aqua Tophana*, killed with it 600 people before she was discovered to be a murderess. The com-

\* *State Trials*, ii. 932.

plete secrecy in which these foreigners shrouded their operations—people seeming to drop off around them as if by the silent operation of natural causes—was what made their machinations so frightful. Poisoning, however, is a cowardly as well as a cruel crime, which has never taken strong root in English habits; and, as we have observed, the poisoners on this occasion, notwithstanding the skill and knowledge enlisted by them in the service, were arrant bunglers. Thus, the confession of James Franklin, an accomplice, would seem to show that Sir Thomas Overbury was subjected to poisons enough to have deprived three cats of their twenty-seven lives.

"Mrs. Turner came to me from the countess, and wished me, from her, to get the strongest poison I could for Sir T. Overbury. Accordingly, I bought seven—viz., aquafortis, white arsenic, mercury, powder of diamonds, *lapis costitis*, great spiders, and cantharides. All these were given to Sir T. Overbury at several times. And further confesseth, that the lieutenant knew of these poisons; for that appeared, said he, by many letters which he writ to the Countess of Essex, which I saw, and thereby knew that he knew of this matter. One of these letters I read for the countess, because she could not read it herself; in which the lieutenant used this speech: 'Madam, the scab is like the fox—the more he is cursed, the better he fareth.' And many other speeches. Sir T. never eat white salt, but there was white arsenic put into it. Once he desired pig, and Mrs. Turner put into it *lapis costitis*. The white powder that was sent to Sir T. in a letter, he knew to be white arsenic. At another time, he had two partridges sent him by the court, and water and onions being the sauce, Mrs. Turner put in cantharides instead of pepper; so that there was scarce anything that he did eat but there was some poison mixed.'"

It is impossible to believe that the human frame could stand out for weeks against so hot a siege. It would appear as if Franklin must really have confessed too much. It has already been said, that the confused state of the whole evidence renders it difficult to find how far a case was made out against the Earl and Countess of Somerset. Such a confession as Franklin's only makes matters still more confused. That Sir Thomas Overbury really was poisoned, one can scarcely doubt, if even a portion of what Franklin and the others say is true; but the reckless manner in which the crime was gone about, and the confusion of the whole evidence, are extremely perplexing. Not the least remarkable feature in this tragedy is the number of people concerned in it. We find, brought to trial, the Earl and Countess of Somerset and Sir Thomas Monson, who, though said to be the guiltiest of all, were spared; Weston, Franklin, and Mrs. Turner, were executed; Forman, and another man of science who was said to have given aid, had gone to their account before the trials came on. Then, in Franklin's confession, it was stated that "the toothless maid, trusty Margaret, was acquainted with the poisoning; so was Mrs. Turner's man, Stephen; so also was Mrs. Horne, the countess' own handmaid;" and several other subordinate persons are alluded to in a similar manner.

The quietness and secrecy of the French and Italian poisonings have been already alluded to.

The poisoners, in general, instead of acting in a bustling crowd, generally prepared themselves for their dreadful task by secretly acquiring the competent knowledge, so that they might not find it necessary to take the aid of confederates. They generally did their work alone, or at most two would act together. It certainly argues a sadly demoralized state of society in the reign of King James, that so many persons should be found who would coolly connect themselves with the work of death; but still there was not so much real danger as in the quiet, systematic poisonings of such criminals as Tophana and the Countess of Brinvilliers. The Great Oyer of Poisoning was, however, calculated to make a very deep impression on the public mind. It filled London with fear and suspicion. When rumors about poisonings become prevalent, no one knows exactly how far the crime has proceeded, and this and that event is remembered and connected with it. All the sudden deaths within recollection are recalled, and thus accounted for. People supposed to be adepts in chemistry were in great danger from the populace; and one man, named Lamb, was literally torn to pieces by a mob at Charing-Cross. The people began to dwell upon the death of Prince Henry, the king's eldest son, who had fallen suddenly. It was remembered that he was a youth of a frank, manly disposition—the friend and companion of Raleigh and of other heroic spirits. He liked popularity, and went into many of the popular prejudices of the times—forming altogether in his character a great contrast to his grave, dry, fastidious, and suspicious brother Charles, who was to succeed to his vacant place. He had died very suddenly—of fever, it was said; but popular rumor now attributed his death to poison. Nay, it was said that his own father, jealous of his popularity, was the perpetrator; and it was whispered that *this* was the secret which King James was so afraid his favorite Somerset might tell if prosecuted to death. In a work called *Truth brought to Light*, a copy was given of an alleged medical report on a dissection of the body, calculated to confirm these suspicions; it may be found in the *State Trials*, ii. 1002. Arthur Wilson, who published his life and reign of King James during the Commonwealth, said: "Strange rumors are raised upon this sudden expiration of our prince, the disease being so violent that the combat of nature in the strength of youth (being almost nineteen years of age) lasted not above five days. Some say he was poisoned with a bunch of grapes; others attribute it to the venomous scent of a pair of gloves presented to him (the distemper lying for the most part in the head). They that knew neither of these are stricken with fear and amazement, as if they had tasted or felt the effects of those violences. Private whisperings and suspicions of some new designs afoot broaching prophetic terrors that a black Christmas would produce a bloody Lent, &c." Kennet, in his notes on Wilson's work, says that he possesses a rare copy of a sermon preached while the public mind was thus excited, "wherein the preacher, who had been his domestic chaplain, made such broad hints about the manner of his (Prince Henry's) death, that melted the auditory into a flood of tears, and occasioned his being dismissed the court."

But suspicion did not stop here. When King James himself died in much pain, his body showing the unsightly symptoms consequent on his gross habits, poison was again suspected; and as it had

\* *State Trials*, 941.

been said on the former occasion, that the father had connived at the death of his son, it was now whispered that the remaining son, anxious to commence his ill-starred reign, was accessory to hurrying his father from the world. The moral character of Charles I. is sufficient to acquit him of such a charge. But historians even of late date have not entirely acquitted his favorite, Buckingham, who, it was said, finding that the king was tired of him, resolved to make him give place to the prince, in whose good graces he felt secure. The authors of the scandalous histories published during the Commonwealth, said that the duke's mother administered the poison externally in the form of a plaster.

From Household Words.

### A CHINAMAN'S BALL.

Singapore, February 21st, 1852.

SUCH of your readers as have visited the Golden Chersonese, with the pretty and thriving little island situated at its southern extremity, must have observed with some curiosity the confluence on that spot of a hundred different streams of population. From the west and from the east, from the south and from the north, strangers are perpetually arriving in search of health, pleasure, or profit. Chief among these immigrants are the natives of the Celestial Empire; who, allured by rupees (although an emigrant from China makes an outlaw of himself), would at any time of the day or night undertake the circumnavigation of the globe. At Singapore they have long formed the most active and important class of inhabitants. Arriving frequently with an empty purse, they apply themselves fearlessly and without the least fastidiousness to any kind of labor that presents itself. They live sparsely, lie on boards, and display an example of economy which in Western Europe would inspire even misers with despair. The consequence of all this is, that in some cases they amass large fortunes, and either return to China, or remain where they are already comfortable, resolving for the remainder of their days to feast on the juiciest of dogs.

Yet, though these hardy adventurers abound not only here in Singapore, but in every other part of the East, few things appear to be less understood than their real habits and character. Sometimes one finds them represented as pacific and timid, but industrious people, with little of the spirit of enterprise, and no feeling of independence. Elsewhere they are regarded as fierce, turbulent, insatiable; addicted to material indulgences; faithless, cruel, and seldom touched with sympathy for other men.

There are certainly some contradictions in the character of the Chinese, which will supply color to either of these sketches. Vain they certainly are, of being, according to their own theory, the only nation that is gifted with two eyes. At the same time, they often condescend to use, in a most servile way, the eyes of Europeans. Until the present time, however, they would seem to have resisted all temptation to indulge in balls and routs, to enliven their time by familiar social colloquies with ladies, or to give champagne suppers. At length, however, even in this respect the time has come when the ethics of Confucius have proved too weak to resist the demoralizing impulse of example. Civilization makes sad havoc among the principles of Buddhism. Instead of approaching through opium the joys of Nibbān, or absolute quietude, the men of long tails and angular physiognomy have entered with a horrible energy upon the career of western dissipation; late hours, fiddling, dancing, and rich collations liberally sprinkled with champagne.

Kim Sing, a merchant well-known as an Antonio on the Rialto of Singapore, conceived a few weeks ago the intrepid design of giving the first Chinese ball ever beheld in this part of the world. Having recently erected a spacious Godown, or suite of chambers and warehouses, he resolved to convert one of these into a magnificent banqueting-hall and dancing-room. Europeans probably aided him in organizing the preliminaries of the entertainment, in selecting the musicians, and in the judicious provision of refreshment for his guests. Numerous invitations were issued to gentlemen and ladies of all tribes and tongues, who were requested to be present in their respective costumes on the appointed evening at the Godown of Kim Sing. A detail of the ethnological display made at this party might be taken for a bad joke, but I am perfectly serious and deliberate in stating generally that the company included Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Germans, Portuguese from Malacca, Spaniards from the Philippines, Malays, Klings, Bombayees, Cambodians, Tonquinese, Mandarins from Cochin China, Siamese, Peguans, Arabs, Javanese, Jews, Parsees, Chinese, and half-castes.

I considered myself extremely fortunate to have arrived just in time to be present at this entertainment. I had of course about me (as everybody else had) the usual prejudices of my own race, and therefore, on being presented to the master of the house, with his pigtail, sharp features, and Mongolian eyes, it was with much difficulty that I kept my mirth under polite restraint. I had been introduced under the best possible auspices, and soon felt myself quite at home, both with the Celestial and the terrestrial visitors. The ladies of the company being in a decided minority, each having about two gentlemen to her fair share, I, being quite a stranger, began to apprehend a paucity of partners. I was mistaken; a young lady of Dutch descent, but dark in complexion as a Malay, soon found herself, I know not how, my vis-à-vis, and away we went, whirling and pirouetting down the apartment, to the great amazement of the Asiatic neophytes. I must pause here to observe, by way of parenthesis, that the ball-room was not smaller than the body of a good-sized English church, with a row of pillars on each side under the galleries, behind which the spectators thronged. Next after us, followed a Jew in the costume of Bengal with a delicate young damsel fresh from England. Then came a fire-worshipper with a Parisian belle, and then a multitude of unimaginable combinations, until the floor was crowded with dancers glancing hither and thither beneath the glitter of the splendid chandeliers.

The harmony of dance and music was, however, presently disturbed by an uncivil Frenchman (a rare creature), who, suddenly discovering that he had lost his partner, plunged about the room in search of her, and found her actively pointing her toes at a young English lieutenant of gigantic stature. Jacques Bonhomme, being small, had some trouble to strike his rival in the face; the rival with much courtesy requested him to walk down stairs, and promised a sufficient explanation when the dance was over. Jacques remained up stairs, wandering about the room like a wolf in a cage. A duel impended, and the Asiatics very much enjoyed the prospect of this unexpected addition to their evening's entertainment. Somebody, however, procured the intervention of police, and in a corner of a ball-room there took place the episode of arrest, bail, and those other details preliminary to civil action against Jacques Bonhomme for assault and battery.

Having shared several dances with my young Asiatic Netherlander, I next found myself opposite a Spanish lady from Manilla, who smoked between the figures, and spoke very bad English. This, however, she declared to me was her favorite language, though she knew both Malay and French; I was therefore



bound, in politeness, to conceal my ignorance as to the import of about two words in every three with which she favored me.

The cluster of faces peering out from between the pillars was now and then lighted up with laughter, as odd groups of dancers whirled past; even the dancers themselves often found it impossible to preserve their gravity. Some little awkwardness, moreover, was occasionally displayed by the strangely united couples. For example, a young lady from Calcutta, dressed after the most elaborate fashion of the city of palaces, got fearfully entangled in a Schottische with a Chinese Mandarin, whose large, jet-black tail descended considerably below his waist. As he hopped and frisked, the tail flew about in the most dangerous manner. No doubt could be entertained, however, that the gentleman had been taking lessons for a fortnight or three weeks, because he really went through the business of the dance very respectably. At length, however, as ill-luck would have it, one of his red slippers came off. A burst of laughter, which it was impossible to restrain, shook the fat sides of the host at this disaster, while the unhappy How-Guim-Foo quitted his partner, and rushed, with his long tail like a comet, to regain the shoe—for to be shoeless is to be disgraced in Celestial eyes.

At another time, and in another part of the room, the tails of two of the Chinese, as they passed one another, back to back, hooked together, perhaps by the strings which tied them. While the gentlemen butted forward with their heads, after the manner of rams, to dissolve their involuntary partnership, their chosen partners ran into each other's arms, and whirled on in the waltz without them.

Becoming by degrees a little tired, I slipped behind the pillars for rest. Here I observed neat little tables in front of luxurious sofas, on which several Celestials reclined at their full length, smoking opium. They appeared to be in a delicious state of dreaminess, imagining themselves, perhaps, in the vicinity of the Lake of Lilies, with orange and tea-trees blossoming around them. Near these were two or three Hindoos smoking the hookah; in their neighborhood a solitary Turk, who bore in his countenance an expression of infinite disdain for the infidels of all colors whom he saw around him. As I had recently come from his part of the world, I accosted him at once, and great was his delight when he heard a greeting in the language of Stamboul. The whole economy of his features immediately underwent a complete change. He would gladly have prolonged our conversation until morning, had I not been reminded of an engagement to waltz with a houri from Manila.

To describe fitly the supper which followed, I ought to have studied for three years under some Parisian gastronome. It was a chaos of dainties, each more tempting than the other. All the fruits of the Indian Archipelago, of India, China, and the West—some in their natural state, others exquisitely preserved, were piled around us. There were birds' nest soups, puppy ragouts, pillaus of kangaroos' tails, fish of all kinds, and pastry in profusion. And then for the wines—all the vines that France, Germany, and Hungary could produce, sparkled on the board, and the most anxious care was taken that every one should be supplied with what he most desired. While we were regaling ourselves, delicious strains of music, issuing from I know not where, stole into the apartment. This I thought much better than a noisy band, destroying or bewildering one's appetite from a gallery immediately over head. In this case, the music seemed to form part of the flavor of the fruits and wines, so finely did it steal into the air. Two or three songs, sung by female singers from Italy, forcibly carried me back by association to old happy days in Europe. By way of variety, we had a little Asiatic music also, which several of the Europeans present thought themselves compelled, by the laws of taste,

to pronounce detestable. I differed from them greatly. Though inartificial, it seemed to me full of sweetness, and strikingly characteristic of wild, fierce, and impassioned races. Not, however, being a connoisseur in these matters, I may of course be wrong. Besides, I judged (after such a supper) in a spirit of extreme good-humor towards all the world.

It was between two and three o'clock in the morning when we separated; and, as I had to take a ride of three or four miles into the country before going to bed, I felt so refreshed by the cool night air, that on reaching home, I lay down to rest as tranquilly as a child might, after no more fatiguing pleasure than a frolic in the garden.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF EXTREME MINUTENESS.—Dr. Wolaston obtained platinum-wire so fine, that 30,000 pieces, placed side by side in contact, would not cover more than an inch. It would take 150 pieces of this wire bound together to form a thread as thick as a filament of raw silk. Although platinum is the heaviest of the known bodies, a mile of this wire would not weigh more than a grain. Seven ounces of this wire would extend from London to New York. Fine as is the filament produced by the silkworm, that produced by the spider is still more attenuated. A thread of a spider's web, measuring four miles, will weigh very little more than a single grain. Every one is familiar with the fact, that the spider spins a thread, or cord, by which his own weight hangs suspended. It has been ascertained that this thread is composed of about 6000 filaments.—*Lardner's Handbook.*

From Household Words.

#### BREAD OF LIFE.

ALBERT for lack of bread we die,  
Die in a hundred nameless ways—  
'T is not for bread *alone* we cry,  
In these our later days.

It is not fit that man should spend  
His strength of frame, his length of years,  
In toiling for that daily end—  
Mere bread, oft wet with tears.

That is not wholly good or gain  
Which seals the mind and sears the heart,  
The life-long labor to sustain  
Man's perishable part.

His is the need, and his the right  
Of leisure, free from harsh control,  
That he may seek for mental light,  
And cultivate his soul;

Leisure to foster into bloom  
Affections struggling to expand;  
So shall his thought, with ampler room,  
Improve his skill of hand.

And he should look with reverent eyes,  
Sometimes, on Nature's open page;  
Not solely are the wondrous skies  
For schoolman and for sage.

Earth's flower-hues blush, heaven's star-lights  
burn,  
Not only for the happy few;  
To them the toiling man should turn,  
For lofty pleasure, too.

But if ye take his blood for bread,  
And drive him in one dreary round,  
Since he and his must needs be fed,  
Ye crush him to the ground.

His mind can grow no soaring wing,  
His heart can feel no generous glow;  
Ye make of him that wretched thing—  
A slave, and yet a foe.

The following speculations and views of the Washington organ of the Southern extremists may be read with advantage even by those who are compelled to dissent from them, or some of them.—*Jour. of Com.*

From the Southern Press.

#### THE FORTUNE OF SLAVERY.

THE progress of African slavery in the United States presents some of the most instructive phenomena that can have the attention of the statesman or philosopher. Its introduction into America was the work of one of the most eminent philanthropists of that age, the pious and enlightened Bishop Las Casas. Its destruction is attempted by the professed philanthropy of the present time.

Soon after the introduction of slavery into the southern colonies, they began to protest against it, and would have prohibited it but for the opposition of the British government—so that the establishment of slavery in the southern colonies is owing to their union with the empire of Great Britain. Strange as it may appear, the subsequent preservation and extension of slavery in the Southern States are owing to the present Union. If the States, after their independence, had not formed a Union, each one would have had its own large commercial towns, and manufactures; for New York or Philadelphia could not have imported for southern cities, since duties would have been required at the latter as much on imports from cities of the North as from Europe. And if the South had thus become commercial and manufacturing to the extent of its own wants, it would have attracted its share of European emigration. The consequence would have been that, with a large commercial, manufacturing and foreign population, several of the Southern States would have abolished slavery long before now. Even without such element Virginia came near doing so in 1831-2; and if she had gone that far the political power of the South would have been materially weakened.

The earnest advocates of the Union, such men as General Washington and Mr. Jefferson, expected and desired that the Union would be favorable to emancipation.

Such and so general was the opinion of eminent southern statesmen in favor of emancipation, that, up to 1820, scarcely a man could be found in the South who did not profess to regard slavery as a curse. At that time the tide of foreign emigration set in so strongly, as, within thirty years, to add to the North some four millions of people. And if nothing had occurred to counteract its effect on slavery, the latter would have fallen before now. For the South was anxious to secure a part of it. But almost exactly coeval with the sudden and extraordinary increase of foreign emigration, has been the sudden and wonderful extension of the cotton culture in the South—a thing which is, perhaps, without a parallel in history. This at once elevated the value and power of slavery, and enabled it to stand against the rapid increase of the North from Europe.

If the wars of Europe had not intervened between the close of our revolution and 1815, and thus prevented European emigration to this country until the rise of the cotton interest in the South, it is very doubtful whether slavery would have long survived the Missouri Compromise. Even the acquisition of Louisiana would scarcely have been available to slavery; nay, would have been destructive, by opening the way

to emigration from the North, of a population unfavorable to it. But, as it was, cotton not only found employment for the surplus slaves of the South, but turned aside the tide of her emigration which had before been setting steadily to the new North west States.

It thus appears that whilst the whole current of opinion, for the past hundred years, on African slavery in this country, has been against it, even among those who were deeply interested in it, the current of events has been in favor of it. Within the whole period to which we have referred, the foreign opinion was still more hostile. France abolished slavery in Hayti—so did the South American States of Spanish origin, England in Jamaica, &c., and in every case the result has been desolation and ruin. Brazil alone retained it. The result is that the Southern States of this Union and Brazil are the most flourishing of all the continent, and their products, together with those of Cuba, constitute the principal part of the civilized commerce of the world. And now, the abolition of African slavery would not only desolate the most productive agricultural regions of the world, but would, in a far greater degree, destroy that commerce which constitutes the principal trade of all the great civilized States, and would absolutely prostrate the whole system of modern civilization.

These things ought to admonish us to beware of implicit faith in the boasted power and value of opinion. Slavery has defied and triumphed over opinion—the opinion of modern Christendom. And we think this fact deserves the earnest consideration of all the young men of the South, especially at the present time, when the shallow and flimsy movements of party, as well as the designs of fanatics and fools, are disturbing the legislation and the elections of the country.

What is the part which the South is to act with her institution of slavery in the present and approaching movements in society and government? We behold a powerful tendency to change. The doctrine of universal equality is the favorite—the equality of all men, without regard to their moral and intellectual character.

It is to this doctrine we owe most of the isms of the day. Abolitionism, Freesoilism, Freefarmism, Interventionism, &c.—things which all result in anarchy and barbarism. These doctrines are gaining ground in Europe and America. They may yet subvert society and government, in many portions of the civilized world. But African slavery is founded on the principle that the man or the race which is morally or intellectually inferior, must be subordinate. This we hold to be the great moral law which has hitherto governed the world, and must always govern it; and govern it, too, for the greatest benefit of both classes. May it not happen, in the progress of error, that the South will yet become the barrier to the modern and fashionable heresy, and roll back the tide of destruction? And when we come to consider, what can be a more sublime principle than that of the supremacy of moral character? What principle is more important or elevated in all the relations of life than the one which requires every man to look for liberty, power, fame, and greatness, in moral excellence? It is the only principle of progress, and of stability. It is as well the title of the master to the slave, as of the candidate to the great trusts of Legislative, Executive, and Judicial power.

And we maintain that so long as a moral superi-

ority is maintained, power will be maintained. Let every southern man, therefore, consider this great principle, and act upon it—let him aim at the highest elevation, morally and intellectually, of his race, and African slavery will withstand triumphantly all external assaults—nay, the very slaves themselves will assist in repelling it. For there is no allegiance so certain as that which a subordinate feels for one really superior; and no condition so happy for a man, or a race of inferior moral attainments, as that of subjection to those who have this indefeasible right to rule. And this is the principle, which we have seen has been sustained by a remarkable concurrence and succession of events running steadily against the erroneous opinions and short-sighted policy of politicians and dreamers.

From the Examiner, 5 June.

#### PROSPECTS OF BRITISH STATESMANSHIP.

At a time when political parties are laboring with tongue and pen to damage and discredit each other, it is satisfactory to find some thoughtful minds engaged in studying the general conditions and prospects of government, and the dangers of the course along which, while the officers are disputing, the vessel is drifting. A writer in the last number of the *North British Review* calls attention to a question which, in our opinion, deserves immediate and serious consideration. When our present political leaders disappear from the stage, who is to supply their place? And what materials are there in the country for the formation of a cabinet to which its affairs may be safely entrusted? Our foreign relations are growing daily more complicated; our colonies and dependencies more numerous, more populous, more difficult to govern; our social problems at home more troublesome and importunate; the business of actual administration subject to more obstructions. Are our arrangements for the training of statesmen, or our means of obtaining statesmen ready-trained, equal to the necessity of the case?

The writer thinks not. Upon an impartial review of the names known in Parliament, he fears that, when the veterans are removed, all parties together will not supply above six men properly qualified for chiefs, nor above seven besides, fit to serve in secondary parts. He finds that the abilities which the government most needs are not those of which the rest have given proof or promise; that government conducted by men wanting in those abilities must be expected to produce vast mischief, which the vigilance of Parliament and press together can do little or nothing to prevent; and that, if things are allowed to go on as they are, such abilities are likely to become more and more scarce in the class from which our ministers have been hitherto selected.

Turning to inquire whence this scarcity proceeds, he rejects as inadequate the cause to which it is popularly imputed; namely, the exclusiveness of our aristocratic leaders, and their backwardness to employ talent not grown within their own ranks. For, on the one hand, among men who have distinguished themselves in the House of Commons, he finds scarcely any who, being unquestionably fit for office, have not, sooner or later, risen to it; and, on the other hand, among those who have distinguished themselves for the kind of talents most needed in a minister, he finds many who

have been thrown out of Parliament for want of the kind of talents least needed. Something there must be in our system which prevents such men from rising to eminence in public life; and something should be done to facilitate their rising.

The true cause lies, he thinks, in this: that the House of Commons does not now offer the same attractions to ambition, either of the lower or the higher kind, which it used to do. Having gradually encroached more and more upon the proper business of government, it imposes upon its members much harder and heavier work. Having diminished the number of close boroughs, and increased the number of voters everywhere, it exposes them more to the caprices of constituents. Having purged away the old abuses of government patronage, it has fewer good things to offer them. The cost of a seat, he might have added (taking the uncertainty of reelection into consideration), is greater than it used to be; the *value* much less. Besides this, as the House of Commons has assumed a larger share of the duties which properly belong to the government, the press has, in a great measure, succeeded to those which formerly belonged to the House of Commons. "Formerly, Parliament was the only place in which the national work was done;" if a man would be heard by the nation, he must speak in St. Stephen's. Now, "it has become easier to act upon Parliament through the nation than upon the nation through Parliament." Hence, the higher and sounder kinds of ambition, unless combined (which is rare) with the gifts which shine in debate, seek and find fitter fields of activity elsewhere; and talents which should most recommend their owners for the business of administration are excluded, because they are not those which make a man popular on the hustings or influential in the House.

It appears, therefore, that the list of men known to be fit for ministers is scanty, because they are looked for only in Parliament, and it is not in Parliament that such men are now mostly to be found; that the causes which exclude them from Parliament are not accidental or temporary, but inherent in certain inevitable and permanent changes, the course of which cannot be checked or altered; and that the proper and natural remedy is to seek for them where they *are* to be found in greatest numbers, instead of where they are not; that is, to make the service of government more accessible in its higher offices to persons who are not in Parliament; and more attractive in its lower to able and ambitious men all over the country, by such methods of selection and promotion as shall give to industry and ability their fair chance of rising from the lower to the higher—parliamentary interest notwithstanding.

In the latter branch of this suggestion we are departing a little from the views of the writer, of whose copious and elaborate exposition we had been previously following the course, and touching the principal points. It is too large a subject to enter upon here, but we purpose to return to it. Upon the first branch—the expediency and practicability of opening the higher offices of government to persons not in Parliament—we entirely agree with him, and have nothing either to add or except. We have ourselves, indeed, on more than one occasion, pressed this very suggestion on the consideration of our readers. We have pointed to the same inconvenience as growing out of the system which obliges the government to choose its principal officers from within the walls of Parlia-

ment, and to the same remedy. We still think that the step which we recommend is the first which ought to be taken in the matter; the rather because it may be taken at once, and by itself; and because, while it would do great good, though unaccompanied by any other reform in the constitution of the executive, other reforms, if unaccompanied by it, would work imperfectly.

The inconvenience of which we speak may be stated thus: There is no government department of which the business can be effectively conducted, unless one or other of its chief officers have a seat in the House of Commons; unless, therefore, he can secure the votes of some popular constituency. It follows, that as seats grow more and more precarious, the number of persons eligible for such offices grows smaller and smaller. The remedy is simply this: *Whoever holds an office under government which requires to be represented in the House of Commons, let him have, in virtue of that office, a seat and a voice there; but no vote.*

We still wait to hear of a plausible objection to this proposition. And we are glad to find that the reviewer places it foremost among the practicable remedies for that scarcity of administrative ability of which he complains. We quote the whole passage which relates to it without further comment.

It cannot for a moment be imagined that the aggregate of the governing and guiding talent in the whole country has diminished, or that it is inadequate to any demands that can be made upon it. There probably never was a period in our history when capacity of every kind was as rife as now, when the general intelligence of the country was so cultivated in every department, or when all ranks could furnish forth so many minds fitted to bring them honor and do them service. The difficulty we have to contend with—the first we have to meet—is not that the total national supply of administrative and legislative ability is less than formerly, but merely that it does not now, as formerly, instinctively congregate within the walls of Parliament. Great Britain is still opulent, though St. Stephen's may have become impoverished and meagre. England we firmly believe to be as rich as ever in pilots who could weather every storm, in servants competent to any task, in statesmen fit to cope with any emergency. Two things only are needed to enlist all this floating and scattered genius in the service of the state:—that the sovereign should be at liberty to select her instruments not from senators, orators, or noblemen alone, but from all ranks, descriptions, positions, and professions; and that she should be enabled to outbid all other competitors for their talents—should be empowered to offer them such rewards as will command their willing and devoted labors, in the shape either of dignity, of emolument, or of that real power of efficient usefulness, which, to the purely ambitious and truly patriotic soul, is the sweetest and richest recompense which the world's treasury contains. A very simple arrangement would suffice. Empower the queen to call to her councils all the administrative talent, all the statesmanlike wisdom of the country, in whatsoever rank it has appeared, in whatever channel it has displayed itself; and where the duties of the office, or the public service makes it necessary, let the royal selection *ipso facto* confer a seat, though not a vote, in Parliament.

A considerable proportion of those whom the queen might thus select would probably be in Parliament already; a certain proportion, also, would not really need to be in Parliament at all. "Given, a good official man or secretary, he ought, as far as it is possible, to be left working in the silent state. No mortal can both work and do good talking in Parliament, or out of it; the feat is as impossible as that of serving

two hostile masters." But for those officials whom it was necessary to have in Parliament, both to afford needful explanations, and to defend—as only those actually engaged can fully defend—the conduct and measures of the administration, *ex-officio* seats should be provided. There really is no reasonable objection that we can divine to such an obvious and simple solution of the difficulty; nor have we ever heard any urged. Not being peers, they would of course have no vote in the House of Lords; not being elected by the people, they would, of course, have no votes in the House of Commons; the prerogative of neither House of Parliament would be in the slightest degree infringed. Her majesty would simply be provided with an indispensable medium of communication with her "faithful Commons," and her "trustworthy and well-beloved cousins." But the proposition is not only indefeasibly reasonable; what is a consideration of far greater weight with John Bull, it is strictly according to, and within precedent.

The queen can already, of her own free will, place any one she pleases in the House of Peers, *not only for a time, but forever*, not only with the right of speech, but with the complete and entire privileges of the peerage. Our proposition does not go nearly this length; it gives the queen no powers half so extensive as those she already wields. With regard to the House of Commons, it surely cannot be forgotten that up to the period of the first reform bill, the crown possessed the power (with great additions) which we now propose to bestow upon it; there was a certain number of government boroughs to the representation of which the sovereign could at once nominate any minister she might please to appoint. In neither quarter, therefore, is our suggestion open to the charge of innovation. The amendment would be strictly in conformity with the spirit of the constitution. It would still, as now, be in the power of either House of Parliament to declare its want of confidence in the administration, and, in case of necessity, to compel the crown to change it, by withholding the necessary supplies. But it would enable the queen to do that which the constitution of the realm declares to be her undoubted prerogative—viz., to select her own ministers—more effectually than at present; it would put it out of the power of any single capricious or sinister constituency to annul the appointment of the crown; and it would no longer confine her majesty's choice within the narrow circle of those who are wealthy enough to adventure on a parliamentary career, ambitious enough to rush violently into the popular arena, rich enough to buy a close borough, or hardy enough to contest an open one. It would carry out the intention of our fundamental statutes, and make this part of our boasted constitution a reality and not a sham.

From Vincent Bourne.

#### EPITAPH.

HERE lies T. L.,  
My age, a span.  
The common lot of man  
Is but to die  
As I.  
Pain, sorrow, sin,  
Fought with me to the grave—and saw me in.  
What life I led,  
If known, be little said;  
Unknown—ask not;  
'Tis best forgot:  
Suffice to know  
That we were both made of the selfsame earth  
From birth.  
Mine lies below,  
And turns to dust,  
As soon—yours must.